Maple Leaves.

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GEOR

The

MAPLE LEAVES:

BY

GEORGE WASHINGTON JOHNSON.

The Emblem of Upper Canada, is the Maple Leaf.

Maple Leaves! Canadian Maple Leaves
From a tree that bloometh in my heart
I gathered them. When the lone wind grieves
Among the purple-dyed and golden leaves
Of Autumn, I did pluck a part.
And some I gathered in the Summer-time—
Of lusty growth—when fair and bright they grew.
Some tender ones, when hope was in its prime
I gathered. Autumn, Summer, Spring-time
Maple Leaves!——I gathered them for you!

HAMILTON, C. W.
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Dedication.

To Loyal Hearts of Canada, are these,
The humble efforts of my untried pen
Dedicated. Not with hopes to please,
And purchase favor, for full well I know
That polish, wit and beauty, grace and ease,
They lack in. Often lifeless, tame and slow,
Where fire and passion should have been; but then
They're all my store; the debt is large I owe—
This is my first instalment, Countrymen.

Ever yours in loyalty and true friendship,

GEORGE WASHINGTON JOHNSON.

Preface,

Which all expect, and no one ever reads!

Go forth! My children, first-born of my brain
And pen. Rough and unpolished sons! go, try
The world, so wide, so dark and lone. I fain
Would warn you, where the shoals and quicksands lie,
For some of you may fall, and faint, and die—
Yea! all may perish—none of you may gain
A welcome, for I cannot give you gold
Or silver passports, but like one of old
I give my blessing: *May your friends though few*
And humble, e'er be loyal, honest, true!

Exult, cold Critic! In thy mad delight
Draw forth, and whet thy long and murd'rous knife,
And clutch, and slay my children in my sight.
Waylay them. With thy dark, drawn dagger, rife
And reeking in thy slaughtered victims' life,
Butcher them, and fling them in thy spite
Dead at my feet, then laugh in fiendish glee.
But hark! Beware! for if they die, to thee
I'll lay their murder. Let them flourish then,
Blood-thirsty tyrant, *Butcher of the pen.*

BINBROOK, Feb., 1864.

MAPLE LEAVES.

TO MY COUNTRYMEN.

I ask it not in charity—not I.
I ask your cheerful patronage, my friends,
Because I am your countryman. And why
Should you buy books a foreign writer sends,
And cherish not by liberal support
Canadian Literature?

Then ye who love our home—OUR CANADA,
And hope to see a literature her own,
And love to help those, be they who they may,
Who try to help themselves, if I have shown
A wish to rise and an ability,
However small, help me.

But if my thoughts are stale and lean, unfed
With genius, do not buy my book, but think
Of me, as one whose hopes of fame are fled,
Who lacking wealth, made not a name, did sink,
Content to be forgotten by the world,
If not remembered by his COUNTRYMEN.

LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF.

Land of the brave! Land of the Maple Leaf!
Land of the loyal! Land of heroes chief!
Fair art thou, Land, where mighty rivers run,
Brightest and best of all beneath the sun.
Proud is the path thy people's feet have trod,
Bright is thy sky and green thy daisied sod.
Though other lands boast milder skies than *mine*,
They cannot boast more loyal sons than *thine*.

What, though from every land beneath the sun?
Our cause is common, now—our country one,
Though English, Scotch, or Irish, Swede, or Pole,
CANADIAN is the name we give the whole,
Save those—I blush to own that such there be—
Who urge thy union with thy enemy;
These I call traitors, and shall call them so,
Until a fitter name is coined *below*.
Then Hail! all Hail! my own Canadian home,
Fair and forever may thy beauties bloom,
Thy meadows bright, thy lakes untinged with gore,
And as thy air is free, free evermore.
If "Tories" rule, and they be *true* to THEE,
I'll cry "AMEN!" and call it destiny.
If "Grits" bear sway, and they to *thee* be *true*,
I'll cry "AMEN!" and bow submissive, too.
But, if a traitor seize the helm of state,
Whate'er his name or station—Death's his fate,
For here my heart is pledged, my life, my hand,
In thy defence, my own, my NATIVE LAND.
This is my platform, be it weak or strong,
Not "Tory"—"Grit"—but COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG!
A friend to those who to thee friendship show,
To foreign foe, and traitor, deadly foe.
What hopes of fame may be in store for me,
Without reserve, I dedicate to thee.
If after conflict, I shall laurels wear,
With thee, my Country, I will gladly share,
But, if I fall, the only boon I crave,
Is, as thy friends are buried, make my grave,
And if I prove a traitor, make my bed
Beneath a cross-road, that my tomb-stone, read
By foes, and strangers, tell them passing by
Beneath this stone a traitor's ashes lie.

GRANTLY GRANVILLE;

Or,--The Hag of the Mountain.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GRANTLY GRANVILLE.—Son of Don Granvillo, kidnapped by Viola, known as Edwardo, disguised as Bard Lessellin.

EDWARDO.—Grantly Granville.

LESSELLIN.—A Bard, Grantly Granville.

VIOLA.—A Gipsy Maid, married by Don Bernardo, divorced and known as the Hag of the Mountain, disguised as Lippello.

HAG OF THE MOUNTAIN.—Viola.

LIPPELLO.—Viola.

DON ALVARDO.—Foster Father of Rudolpho.

RUDOLPHO.—Son of Bernardo and Viola, adopted by Alvardo.

DON DELANO—A rich traveler, murdered by Rudolpho

DON BERNARDO.—Marries Viola, a Gipsy Maid, and at the instigation of Granvillo divorces her and marries again, by which marriage he is father of Estelle.

SPINOLA.—Son of Don Delano.

DON GRANVILLO.—Father of Grantly Granville.

DONNA ESTELLE.—Daughter of Don Bernardo by a second marriage, and half sister to Rudolpho.

GHOST OF DELANO.

BANDITTI, OFFICERS AND ATTENDANTS.

SCENE.

Between two mountains running to the main,
Two mountain ranges in romantic Spain,
Where Andalusia's fertile vales are seen,
And Gaudalquiver rolls itself between,
Where castles, old, dilapidated stand
For many years the terror of the land
From which strange noises fill the midnight air,
And fright the peasant to an extra prayer,

Within whose slimy walls the prisoner waits
Till friendly Death opens his prison gates,
The den of thieves—the robbers' rendezvous,
Is laid the plot, we'll represent to you.

PROLOGUE.

Time changes everything beneath the sun,
Hearts, hopes and passions; soon their race is run,
But, if by chance there be a passion found
That changeth not, as years are rolling round,
It is revenge—these scenes will show in part
How deep 'tis planted in the human heart;
How vice at times soars up to meet the skies,
And honest virtue, lone, neglected lies,
Until at last a change comes o'er the tide,
And virtue soars o'er everything beside.
The past, the future graveyard of today,
Though bearing changes on its wings away,
Forgets not wrongs—the retribution comes
And blasts the heart that blighted other homes.
So here Bernardo suffers from the pride,
That drove the wedded Gipsy from his side.
Rudolpho falls; in prison draws his breath;
Dies by his hand, an ignominious death.
Granvillo too, for wrongs and hoarding gold
Is robbed of heirs. Viola's heart grows cold.
Estelle and Grantly smile above their pain,
And prove *a virtuous life's a life of gain.*

ACT I. SCENE I.—The Mountain.

TIME—Sunrise. Viola with wild flowers in her hair, gathering acorns in her apron.

SONG,—AIR, "*Within a Mile of Edinboro'.*"

Vio. (Sings)—I'm a merry mountain maid,
As the air, I am free,
And my heart is as light as the dawn.
My home is fair,
That I've fitted up with care,
And they say it is lone when I'm gone.
As the lark that sings at day,
I'm as merry, blithe and gay.
The birds that sing, would miss my song—
O no! I will not roam,
I'm happy, happy, happy, happy,
In my mountain home,

(Enter Don. Bernardo)

Ber.—Thou'rt fair, sweet maid.
Vio.— My lover tells me so.
Ber.—He tells thee true—stay, sweet one, do not go.
Vio.—'Tis time.
Ber.—Thy name, dear maid?
Vio.— Too long I've been—
Viola, daughter of the Gipsey Queen.
Ber.—O, would our Spanish maids had eyes like thine,
And hearts as pure. I would that thou wert mine.
Thy cheeks are soft as velvet; and thy lips,
Like opening rose-buds, whence the brown bee sips
His daily nectar—may I not, dear maid,
Thus taste their sweetness?
Vio.— O I am afraid
It might be wrong.
Ber Not wrong to love. Thou'rt shy
As any deer; and *dear* thou art—but why—
Vio.—Nay! I must go.

Ber.— Yet but one moment stay,
Then if thou wilt, I'll bid thee haste away.
I've seen the Spanish Donnas in their pride,
Their elegance, and beauty; at thy side
They'd be a hoiden. I have seen their eyes,
Flash bright with love and passion. I would prize
One smile of thine, for me alone, as worth
Their love thrice told and all the wealth of earth.
I've heard their songs, with music mingled, sweet,
I've heard the trippings of their little feet,
Which I've forgotten, but 'till life shall fade,
I'll not forget thy song, my pretty maid.
Wilt thou be mine, my precious one, my pride?
Say wilt thou be, my darling one, my bride?
I'll pet thee, dearest, and each day with care
Thy maids in silks shall dress thee, and thy hair
I'll twine with pearls, and love thee; when thou'rt sad
I'll kiss away thy tears, and make thee glad.

(She weeps.)

Why dost thou weep? my dear one—may I know?
Vio.—I cannot bear thy words; yet love them so.
I'm but a Gipsey maid, thou'rt rich and great;
My home's the mountain, thine a hall of state.
Go, let me die amid my native shade,
Thou'lt soon forget the lonely gipsey maid.
Thou'rt high above me, as the sun is, high
As Him, I'll worship thee. Go, let me die,
As I have lived, unknown—Farewell! I go.
Ber.—Nay! precious bird, thou canst not leave me so.
Thou wilt not take my love, then grant me this,
From thy dear lips a single farewell kiss,
That I may have to think of, when away,
And cherish; darling, tell me that I may;

I'll prize it more than dimonds from the mine.
Vio.—I'll prize it too; thou may'st—the kiss is thine.

(Kiss.)

Ber.—O, dear one, loved one, sweet one, be my own;
I cannot leave thee, here to die alone.

(Sings.)

I will take thee and love thee,
And make thee my bride;
I will dress thee, caress thee,
My jewel, my pride.

Vio. (Sings.)—Wilt thou leave me, deceive me,
When friends turn away?
Wilt thou cherish and love me
When feeble and gray?

Ber.—I promise, I swear it. O wilt thou be mine?
Vio.—My heart thou has stolen, my promise is thine.

(Duet.)

Ber. } I will love thee forever, and leave thee no never,
Vio. } Thou wilt love me forever, and leave me O never,
Both. Though all shall forsake, and clouds be above;
Ber. } I'll stand by thee, ever, and nought shall us sever;
Vio. } Thou'lt stand by me, ever, and nought shall us sever;
Ber. } Thy heart shall be lightest, when laden with love
Vio. } My heart will be lightest, when laden with love.

ACT I. SCENE II.—In front of Alvardo Mansion.

Time.—Day-break, One year after last scene.
Enter Viola with the infant Rudolpho in her arms.

Vio.—One year is gone since from my forest shade
I wandered forth, a merry mountain-maid.
Oh sad the change—'tis gone—and with it fled
The hopes I cherished, withered, cold and dead.
I little thought a plighted oath to find
But empty breath—Oh cruel and unkind!

Bernardo, would—O would! I dare to crave
The pity you denied me from the grave.
I must not die, although my heart be dead,
My child still lives—God guard his little head.
'Tis sad, Alone! Despised! What shall I do?
Divorced by him, who swore to love, be true,
And yet forgot his oath. O mad! O blind!
To love a being false, and so unkind.
Ah! I did love him once—how fair looked life,
The day Bernardo claimed me for his wife.
And when he said, *though all the earth shall frown*
I'll love thee still, my darling one, my own,
I kissed his lips, because I thought them true.
But all is gone—the pictures fancy drew.
But hush my babe, his child, sleep, gently sleep,
For time will bring thee cause enough to weep.
Day dawns at last; rest, rest, my darling child;
How oft thine eyes have looked on me and smiled;
How can I leave thee, darling babe, alone,
With hearts as cold as is this castle stone?
But colder blows the wind across the moor;
'Twill chill thy heart—I'll leave thee at this door.

(Lays the child at the door.)

Farewell my child, and Heaven send thee joy;

(Kisses.)

God bless the hands, that nourish thee, my boy;

(A lark sings.)

Sing on, sweet bird, thy song is light and clear,
But fly, Ah! fly, if freedom's joys are dear;
The fowler's lime will clog thy careless feet,
And nameless sorrows clog thy spirit sweet.
For once, like thee, I carrolled to the morn,
The freest maiden, ever mountain-born,
But, Oh the change—my mother could not know
In me, Viola of one year ago.

I go, but where—my heart is turned to stone;
Henceforth I'll wander on this earth alone.

(Bell tolls.)

But hark! on high, yon creaking iron tongue,
The sun is up, to sleeping ears has rung.
Wild, hoarse, discordant, as you madly toll,
There's wilder music raging in my soul.
My heart is dead—Farewell sweet babe, I had
For thee a hope, but now, I'm mad! I'm mad!

ACT I. SCENE III.—The Mountain.

TIME—Evening of the same day as last scene. Thunder and lightning in the distance. Enter Grantly Granville in childhood with a bow and a quiver.

Gran. Ho! father, ho! the damps of eve are chill,
The wild winds blow, the night grows darker still.
I've thought all day upon my hunter's fame
And father's praise, when I should bring my game,
A mountain goat, or hare, and proudly throw
Them at his feet—the firstlings of my bow.
But, as to mountain goats, they're fewer now
Than once they were, some twenty years ago.
And hares are swift, and hurried from my view,
E're from the quiver, I my arrow drew.

(Thunder.)

Oh! what is that, but fear I cannot know
With this my quiver—this my noble bow;
Let cowards tremble, and their fears discuss,
If I should meet a bear, I'd serve him thus:

(Attempts to shoot; string breaks.)

Now were my father here, he'd lecture so—
In seeking too much power, you broke your bow,

Then let the lessons thus you gain, be prized,
For hopes o'erstrained are seldom realized.

(Thunder, lightning and rain.)

Ho! father, ho! the gloom surrounds your child,
The night grows dark, the mountain's cold and wild!
I ve lost my way, and spoiled my bow beside.

(A noise.)

Ah! here's a game I hunted not—I'll hide.

(Enter Viola. Grantly hides. Rain ceases.)

Why cease? ye rains, and why, ye woods, to roar?
Howl on, ye winds, we've often met before,
And rise, thou tempest, in mad fury play,
I'll wed the storm; I was divorced to-day.
Yet louder, madder, wilder, deeper wail,
And hurl this mountain to yon sleeping vale,
Then in thy direst freaks, worst furies see.
If thou canst mark one sign of fear in me.
They call me mad—ha! ha! and well they may,
But there will come a dark, avenging day,
When youths shall weep, because their chains are cold
And maidens die, ere half their woes are told,
And men grow gray, ere half their years have fled,
Because their sons are numbered with the dead.
Granvillo thinks to live a life of ease;
I'll rouse his grief, as ye have roused the seas,
I'll mix his cup, as ye have mixed the storm,
I'll dim his eye, and bend his haughty form.
He said 'twas he, who urged Bernardo's eye
To frown on me, and turn me out to die.
And when I begged a crust, he laughed, so fine,
And bade me go and seek it with the swine.
I begged, again, some rest, a little food,
But he refused, because I'd Gipsy blood;

Refused me shelter in his home of state,
I'll teach him how a Gipsy Queen can hate.
He'd let me know, that, in his regal eyes,
'Twas wrong to shield a bunch of gipsy lies;
Then loosed his cursed blood-hounds from the leash
To taste my blood, and tear my tender flesh—
Ay! from my wounds, ye drops of sorrow start,
For each shall wring a thousand from *his* heart.

Gran.(*aside*) These words are strange about my father's blood,
O would that I were safe beyond this wood.

Vio.—What's that? Methought I marked a startled tone,
Borne on the winds above the forest's moan;
Its breath was hot, it brings me something good.
Granvillo's son's belated in this wood.
Ha! Ha! I've caught the eaglet from its nest,
I'll clip its wings, and rear it at this breast.

Gran. Away! she-wolf, I do not want your kiss;
My bow is spoiled, or I'd not suffer this.

Vio.—Ye Gods! How he doth ape his father's pitch!
As poor men ape the fashions of the rich;
As striplings, scarcely from the leading string,
Are men—Ay! more by their own reckoning.
Thy bow is broken? Ay! and so I'll part
The strings, that cluster round thy father's heart.
The string is sundered? Ay! and thus shall he,
Forever, wander separate from thee.

Gran. O say no more! I would no longer roam;
I'm lost! I'm lost! O wont you take me home?

Vio.—Ay! that I will; thy home shall henceforth be
Among these mountains, as their air is, free.
Thou'lt sleep at night in caves, with terrors rife;
I'll teach thee how to live a Gipsy's life.
And how to curse thy father, too, I'll teach;
Revenge so soon is placed within my reach.

Ye Gods! I thank you for this welcome haste;
Revenge is sweet, and 't shall be mine to taste.
To think upon it rouses—warms my blood
To twice the heat of youth—'twill do me good.
I've lost some blood. See here, these bleeding wounds
Were freshly opened by thy father's hounds.
I'll be revenged—nay! nay! thou need'st not start;
I'll make them deeper in thy father's heart.
My heart was young, once, and as free as thine;
My heart is dead, and his I'll make like mine.
'Twas he, who urged Bernardo to forget
The vows he made me—I will match him yet.
Thou art too young to understand, my boy,
How I will change to bitterness, his joy;
How to his grave, I'll send his tottering legs,
And mix a cup—he'll drink it to the dregs;
But thou wilt learn, ay! soon enough to know
Their fearful meaning, feel their freight of woe.

Gran. I want not freedom, if you call this free;
My father never said such words to me.

Vio.—Remove these useless robes, they 'll ill become
The monntain cave, I'll make thy future home.

(She removes his outside dress and cap, lays them on the ground and lets her own wounds bleed on them; breaks his bow and scatters his arrows.)

If thou shalt dare to wander to the plain,
Or ever speak thy father's name again,
These hands shall from thy tender bosom tear,
Thy quivering heart, and hang it in the air,
That mountain vampyres—hungry bats may test,
How sweet a heart is from a Granville's breast.
Forget thy name, thy very self forget,
And learn that I'm thy mother since we met;

Nor would I have another son than thou—
Thy name's Edwardo, Gipsy Edward, now.

Gran. And must my face grow old, and withered, too,
My eyes grow wild; and will I look like you?

Vio.—Thy heart shall change, while yet thy life is young;
Thy face grow old, before my song is sung.

(While she sings, she washes his face and hands with a mixture, causing him to look yellow.)

SONG.

The tears of the strangled babe at death,
The carrion-buzzard's poison breath,
The venom-dew, the night shade steeps
From the cell, where the slimy lizzard sleeps,
Will work the spell I ween.

Beware the berries that lead astray
The famished in the enchanted way;
Beware the sea-mews' rocky bed,
The chill of death, and the viper's head,
And the Hag of the Mountain Range.

(Exeunt.)

INTERLUDE.

ENTER TIME.—An old man, bald, except a forelock; a scythe in one hand and an hour glass in the other; standing on a wheel of twelve spokes, representing the twelve months.

Time.— When the stars of morning shouted,
And the spirit of their Maker
Moved upon the mighty waters,
When the waters were divided,
Ere the torch of day was lighted,
Then my wheel began its rolling.
When the trumpet of the angel,
Standing on the land and water—
At whose note the earth and heavens,
As a scroll shall roll together,

As a vision-fabric vanish—
Shall proclaim my being ended,
To the valley of Gehenna
I shall be consigned forever.
Grain by grain these sands have fallen,
Till they nearly all are wasted.
In my life, forever changing,
I have watched some strange mutations,
Saw the things of earth and heaven
Gather in the ark together;
Heard the "babble" made at Babel,
Whose mysterious confusions
Were the germs of many nations;
Saw the host of haughty Pharaoh
Sink like lead beneath the waters;
Saw the shower of fire and brimstone
Swallow up the ancient cities,
Now the home of finny monsters
'Neath the sluggish Dead Sea waters.
Only once my course I halted,
When I paused to watch a battle.
Heard the bard whose potent music
Overthrew a mighty city.
Since my age may claim forbearance.
Grant my first and last petition,
And imagine while you've listened,
That my twelve-spoked wheel has meted
Twenty years by twenty turnings;
That the scene when next presented
Shall be twenty years the older.

(Exit.)

ACT II. SCENE I.—A Cave in the Mountain.

TIME.—Sunset; twenty years after last scene.
Enter Viola—Old and withered, known as the Hag of the Mountain.
A small fire in the centre, and a pot over it.

Hag. He's not returned—'tis well. My plans are right;
I'll leave this life, this mountain cave to-night.
For twenty years mankind have come to me,
As if my eyes could see their destiny;
They call me Hag; my heart is hard I know,
Bernardo and my wrongs have made it so.
I used to weep when thinking of the past;
I weep no more, revenge is mine at last.

(Stirs the contents of the pot. Enter Spinola.)

Spin. Good morrow, mother, grant to lend thine aid;
I'd leave the mountain, ere the daylight fade.
Hag. Then leave it now, white-livered son of hell,
What would you pilfer that you ask my cell?
Or would'st thou learn who thy god-parents are—
The Gods of Thieves. Thy ruling, guiding star
Is Mercury. Away! What would you have?
I do not harbor robbers in this cave.
Spin. Four years ago, my father disappeared,
I'd know the worst, the worst I long have feared;
My nerves are strong, ay! blunted to that state,
That fears not fiends. I'd know my father's fate.
Hag. Then cross my hand, and bow the knee,
For potent is the silver key
To ope the gates of Destiny.
From the clammy prison walls
Of a castle, hear he calls,
Haste, the hiding curtain falls.

(Exit.)

Spin. Ah! then he lives, but in a prison air
He draws his breath. O tell me, tell me where.
Hag. Nay, he is dead; but nightly through the halls
His spirit walks, and to his murderers calls.
Spin. Then if thine eyes can pierce the dark abyss,
That lies between the spirit-world and this,
And if thy spells a disembodied soul
Can conjure up, back let the curtain roll,
That I may see his spirit, hear him tell
His murderers names. And if thy wizard spell
Can, bring them too; and wilt, thou'lt see me break
Their heart-strings, and a double vengeance take.
Hag. Thou talkest well, my boy. Ay! brave and fine,
For one with eyes and hair as light as thine.
Thou wilt not fear—thy father cometh, now,
Presto! se-same! Delano, where art thou?

(Ghost rises.)

Spin. He beckons me. My father! Yes, 'tis he.

(Vanishes.)

He vanishes—O, call him back to me,
I'd question him. Shade of my father, come.
Thy murderers names? that I may send them home.

(A fall and groan. Ghost rises.)

Ghost. Spinola, fly! the hands that spilt my blood
Are seeking thee—they're seeking thee no good.
Bernardo Castle—twelve—

(Vanishes.)

Hag. Why longer wait?
Thou'st seen thy father, and thou know'st his fate.
Away! away!
Spin. He's vanished from my sight.
Hag. Bernardo Castle—twelve o'clock—to-night.

Spin. Thanks! thanks! good mother, for thy friendly aid;
And if thou hast not with my feelings played,
Thou shalt not be forgotten; but the grave
Shall have thy withered body from this cave;
If thou hast dared with husks to feed and lure—
Prometheus' pains thrice-told thou shalt endure.
Thy cursed carcass, mangled by thy fall,
Hurled hence by me, the early rooks shall call
To feast upon. Thy heart, crisp-burnt, I'll sell
To those who wish to bind a fiendish spell
Or blight with evil eye. And more beside
I'll do in vengeance, if thy lips have lied.
I threaten, not, without the power to will,

[Exit.]

Hag. Forgotten? never, while this mountain range
Is as it is—with it alone I'll change.
Thinks he my life has passed with purpose none,
Than this to tell him, where his father's gone.
A deeper purpose has employed my thought,
A dreadful vengeance was the purpose sought.
But why should I breathe vengeance? Ah! too well
I know the reason. Once I used to dwell
In yonder mansion at Bernardo's side;
Ah! I was happy then, Bernardo's bride.
He loved me, then, until Granvillo came—
Ah! yes, 'tis wrongs have made me what I am.
The seed is sown, the plant has grown in gloom.
I must away and watch my vengeance bloom.

(Exit Hag. Enter Rudolpho.)

Rud. This used to be her cave; she's gone. What! ho!
There's no one here; then I may also go.

(Enter Hag in male attire as Lippello.)

Lip. I'm but an honest peasant, gone astray.

Wilt thou direct me in the proper way
To find Alvardo Mansion?

Rud. Yes! I go
That way, I am his son—the way I'll show.

Lip. Art thou Rudolpho? It is he I seek.

Rud. What is thy business?

Lip. Of small moment.

Rud. Speak.

Lip. 'Tis but to gain employment.

Rud. It is thine—
Thy name?

Lip. Lippello.

Rud. And Rudolpho, mine.

(Exeunt.)

ACT II. SCENE II.—The Mountain.

TIME.—Immediately after last scene

Enter Edwardo with a guitar, singing.

SONG.

Edw. sings. Oh my heart is sad in my mountain home,
While the birds are blithe and gay,
And the winds sing sweet, as they onward roam,
But my heart is sad to-day.

(Stops suddenly at the very place whence he was taken twenty years before.)

What scene is this?—or am I in a dream?
I've seen this place before. It seems a gleam
Of light, now all is dark. May it not be,
The soul in dreams, from flesh-restraints made free,
Re-visits sacred haunts, and wanders o'er
Sweet scenes, unknown, unvisited before?

It may be thus that I before was here,
And yet 'tis strange—the trees and rocks appear
Fixed in my mind, as stars are in the sky.
And ever and anon, I know not why,
A voice of sorrow, like of leaves, appears
To sound a solemn requiem in my ears—
As if a requiem over loves untold.
And then the past is, as a scroll, unrolled,
And I've a faint and dim remembrance, mild,
Of pleasant words, when I was but a child.
Oh, why am I a gipsy! but my hands
Are free from guilt, as any in the lands.
Oh, that mine eyes might gaze beyond the wall
That hems me in, yet shuts me out from all.
'Tis madness thus to wish—I'll wish no more;
Life's path, though dark, is not *all* clouded o'er;
Beat heart, no more, in such despondent mood,
Thou'st never beat a drop of traitor's blood.

(*Sings.*) Oh my heart is sad in my mountain home,
While the birds are blithe and gay,
And the winds sing sweet, as they onward roam,
But my heart is sad to-day.
But I'll laugh at care, for my life is true,
And my lot though low is my own;
And my heart will beat true, though my friends be few,
Yet, 'tis hard to live alone.

[Enter Estelle, gathering wild flowers.]

Edw. (*aside.*) She's fair—Ay! she's a flower from the vale.
(*aloud.*) My pretty maid, these mountain flowers are pale
By thy sweet face. Nay, don't be angry, now;
I'm all alone—my heart is sad. I vow
I meant no ill.

Est. Then I forgive—no more—
Thou'rt Gipsy Edward—we have met before.

Edw. Thou gav'st me gold for singing at thy door.
I'll come to sing no more.
Est. Pray, tell me why.
Edw. I do not like thy friend, Rudolpho's eye.

[Enter Rudolpho unperceived, in the rear, having a drawn dagger, and starts up during this part of the scene at various times as if unable to control his hate.]

Est. He's not my friend, he is my foe instead;
I hate the very ground his feet may tread.
Now, wilt thou come and sing?
Edw. Till life shall end,
If thou'lt allow me but to be thy friend.
I'll live to guard; or die, thee to defend.
The wind that blows too rough or chill on thee
I will consider as my enemy.
And he who dares to harm thy sacred head,
Shall die. Thou'lt not forget the words I've said.
Est. I'll not forget, but I will think it long
Till thou shalt come again and sing thy song.
Edw. My life is brighter now—wilt thou not tell
Thy name, sweet maid?
Est. Yes Edward; 'tis Estelle.
Edw. Thou 'lt be my star to guide me as I run;
Now, sweet Estelle, may I not choose thee, one?
Yon fairest star of mild and gentle light,
Brightest of all that gem the vault of night.
Shall be thy own. And while, he wills, whose crown
It decks, I'll live to guard thee as my own.
And wilt thou come again two nights to come,
And meet me here upon my mountain home?
I want thee here to cheer my lonely mind,
And talk with me, for no one else is kind.
Rud. (*aside.*) I'll also come.
Est. Edwardo, come again;

I'll meet thee here. Now I must seek the plain.
Good bye! Edwardo.

(Kiss.)

Edw. Darling, pet, Estelle,
We'll meet two evenings hence. Farewell.

(Exeunt.)

Rud. (*stepping forward.*) Farewell!
Ye gods! yon brightest star is thine, he cried;
And even dared to kiss my future bride.
So you will meet again to-morrow night?
I'll meet here too? and, as the mildews blight
The flowers, I'll blight the flowers of hope that bloom
Untimely in thy breast.

(Enter Lippello.)

Lip. (*aside.*) Sealed is thy doom.
Granvillo, hark! my vengeance worketh well.
Rud. Why art thou here! who bid thee here, Lippelle?
Ye gods! must I be followed thus? away!
Or thy vile blood shall stain the rock.
Lip. (*falling on knees.*) Stay! stay!
Rud. Thy place is not to follow me. Learn, too,
That when I'm angry, keep thyself from view.

(Exit Lippello.)

He does not like mine eye, ha! ha! how sane!
He'll know me better ere we part again;
For three will part, and two no more to meet.
Sleep well, Edwardo, may thy dreams be sweet;
When next you sleep, 'twill be a dreamless one,
And none shall wake thee from thy chamber lone.

Exit.)

ACT. II. SCENE III.—Bernardo Castle.

TIME.—Night of the day of last scene.

(Enter Bernardo, Estelle and Rudolpho.)

Rud. Bernardo, come, I'm tired of children's play;
Shall fair Estelle be mine? say yea or nay.
Ber. She is my only child; her hand and heart
Have gone together, and shall never part.
Rud. Thou'lt have a gipsy son. Am I not right?
Didst thou not meet him on the mount to-night?
Est. What's that to thee? I did, and learned to know
He is as noble as thou'rt false and low.
Rud, A gipsy son, Bernardo—didst thou hear?
Ber, The wound is tender, touch it not so near.
Away! Estelle.

(Exit Estelle. Enter servant.)

Serv. A stranger at the door
Demands admittance.
Ber. Bid him ask no more.
Serv. He will not be denied; I tried him so.
Rud. Then loose the hounds on him.
Serv. I did, but lo!
The hounds drew back in fear.

[Enter Lippello, unperceived.]

Ber. Then bid him come,
For if he wishes, vaults can make him room.

[Ghost of Delano rises.]

Serv. And there he stands, but who he is, and how
He came—
Ghost. Vaults cannot hold Delano now.

Rud. Delano! Yes! 'tis he.
Ghost. It is.
Ber. Away!
I did not slay thee—'twas Rudolpho's hand,
That locked thee in the vault.
Lip. (*aside.*) This flame I fanned.
Ghost. I've come again to try thee in the fight.
Ber. Away! away!
Rud. I do not fear thy might;
Come, draw thy blade.
Ghost. I'm ready, come, fear not,
I would embrace thee.
Lip. (*aside.*) I must leave this spot.
To see them tremble—'tis delicious food
To feed my vengeance on—'twill do me good.

[Exit Lippello. Ghost approaches.]

Rud. Back! or my sword shall find thy heart.
Ghost. Poor fool,
Who fears thy sword?

[The Ghost approaches—Rudolpho's sword passes through it like a shadow—Ghost embraces Rudolpho.]

Rud. Let go thy hold.
Ghost. I'll cool
Thy blood, and at thy side I'll walk by day,
To other eyes unseen.
Rud. Away! away!
Thy breath is hot, and smells of sulphur flame.
Ghost. I go, but thou shalt not forget my name,
By day, by night, in sleep, in dreams, I chase
Thy footsteps, till we shall again embrace.

[Ghost vanishes]

Ber. O God! what tortures shall I suffer yet?
Would that my heart Viola could forget.

Rud. What! tender-hearted still? Then I must go
And seek a heart, that will not tremble so.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.—Castle of Bernardo, Without.

TIME—Immediately after last scene.

[Enter Edwardo with guitar, singing.]

SONG.

Edw. [*sings*] Awake! lady wake! from thy slumberings sweet,
The moon is gone away,
And drive with thine eyes the gloom from my skies,
And change my darkness to day.
Thy cares leave behind, for the whispering wind
Will waft us over the lake;
Not the twi-light gray, or the dashing spray
Will tell what path we take.

[Estelle throws open the window and gazes out.]

Then smile once more, as you smiled of yore
In the twi-light long ago,
When we wandered free over sunny lea,
Where gentle waters flow.
Those hours now seem, like a pleasant dream,
Or a song of the olden time;
They seem to bear me away from care
To some far off brighter clime.

[Estelle throws a kiss.]

Then come with me across the sea,
We'll find a home of joy,
And moons as mild, as those that smiled
When I was but a boy.
There sweet will fly the moments by,
And thou shalt never know
A single grief, a single sigh,
But what the zephyrs blow.

Est. Edwardo, fly!

Ewd. So soon!
Est. Edwardo, fly!
Ewd. We meet to-morrow night; good bye!
Est. Good bye!

(Exit Edwardo. Estelle closes the window. Enter Bernardo, looking up.)

Ber. Estelle! Estelle!

(She opens the window.)

Est. What is it, father, dear?
Ber. Did I not hear some person singing here?
Est. Perhaps you did, 'twas sweet, I heard it too;
'Twas like a dream, dear father, was it you?
Ber. Beware, Estelle! It was a gipsy's song;
They wrought my ruin, they will work thee wrong.
[Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE II.—The Mountain.

TIME—Next day after last scene — sunset. Rudolpho in female attire, sitting on a rock. Enter Edwardo.

Edw. The day has been so long—why weeping now?
I'll dry thy tears!
Rud. (*rising.*) Thou wilt? ha! ha!
Edw. 'Tis thou!
Rud. So you have come to meet Estelle—indeed!
She told me of it, bade me come instead.
Edw. What? Liar, fiend, 'tis false.
Rud. Expend thy scorn,
'Twill please Estelle, she'll laugh when I return.
Here, take this gold, 'twill bear thee far from Spain,

And never tread this mountain-ledge again,
Nor with thy shadow blight the flowers that bloom
Upon this mountain, or this is thy doom.

(Drawing a pistol.)

Edw. You say she's false; foul fiend of hell, you lie!

(Leaps on him.)

Rud. Ye gods! struck by a gipsy! Hell-hound, die.

[Shoots him and throws him into a crevice in a rock.]

Smile on, ye fiends. He's dead. I'll equal you;
Were all the gipsies one, I'd slay him too.
Estelle will come to meet Edwardo soon.

(Exit Rudolpho. Enter Estelle.)

Est. He said he'd meet me at the rising moon.
Edwardo! come!

(Enter Rudolpho.)

Rud. I come, yes, dear Estelle.

Est, I called thee not.

Rud. I know it, fair one, well.
I come with news. Thy dear Edwardo's gone,
I gave him gold, I met him on the lawn.
Now fair Estelle, thou'lt be my bride, I know,
I have been true, and ever shall be so.

Est. Rudolpho, never! While I've life and breath
I'll hate thy visage, even worse than death.

Rud. Then I will change, and thou'lt hereafter see
Me, as I am, and heaven pity thee.

(Blows a whistle. Enter Lippello.)

Thou know'st the cell within the castle old
I showed thee, bear her there. I'll give thee gold.
And there, Estelle, thou'lt stay. Ay! end thy life,
Unless thou wilt consent to be my wife.

(Exeunt.)

ACT III. SCENE III.--Alvardo Mansion.

TIME.—Immediately after last scene. Enter Rudolpho.

Rud. 'Tis time Lippello had returned. What! ho!

(Enter Hag of the Mountain.)

Why art thou here? I called Lipello.

Hag. I know.
If thou would'st hear me, listen while I tell,
And interrupt me not. I am Lippelle.
Thou'st heard, I doubt not of Bernardo's bride,
The gipsy maid, Viola, whom his pride
Urged by Granvillo did divorce—'twas I.
I went to beg a crust—our fate debars
Us from the world—his blood-hounds made these scars.
In passing o'er yon gloomy mountain-wild,
I found his Grantly, reared him as my child.
They called him Edwardo,—revenge came slow;
I hired to you, that I might watch it grow.
I've carried off Estelle, as thou didst say,
But now I go—my home is far away.

(Exit.)

Rud. She's gone! she's gone! it was Granvillo's son
I slew! But what care I for what is done.
Away! sad thoughts, and I will also go,
And tell Bernardo, what he ought to know.

(Exit.)

ACT IV. SCENE I.--Granvillo Mansion.

TIME.—Immediately after last scene. Granvillo is counting his money.

Gran. 'Tis twenty years since little Grantly died;
His clothes were found upon the mountain side.

(Enter Spinola, unperceived.)

Were he but here to heir my wealth and name,
I would not care to die.

(Weeps.)

Hag (*coming in.*) For shame! for shame!
Thou weep? ha! ha! I like to see men weep
Like sniffling school-boys. So, thy grief is deep?
Dost thou remember me, Granvillo? Am I changed?
So has my heart, since last we met, estranged.
'Twas you who loosed the blood-hounds on my track
That made these scars. I've come to pay thee back.
I am Viola, and I found thy child,
And reared him up among those mountains wild.
Gran. My wounds are deep!
Hag. I'll open them again;
Thy son is dead, and by Rudolpho slain.
Who triumphs now? ha! ha! but I must go—
Bernardo next must drink the cup of woe.

(Exit Hag.)

Spin. (*aside*) I'll follow, too, and hear Bernardo's crimes.

(Exit.)

ACT IV. SCENE II.—Bernardo Castle.

TIME.—Immediately after last scene.

(Bernardo alone, weeping for the disappearance of Estelle. Enter Hag of the Mountain.)

Hag. What! weeping too? I thought thy heart was hard.
What is't, Bernardo, has thy pleasure marred?
Ber. My daughter's gone.
Hag. Where is thy son?
Ber. What son?
Hag. My son—thy son—Viola's son—the one
You swore to love and cherish. Bernardo,
I am Viola, and he Rudolpho.
Bernardo, didst thou think that life, to thee
So sweet, should have no charms to him and me?
He is thy son—at Don Alvardo's gate
I left him—vengeance, surely comes, though late.
Thy son, Rudolpho, carried off Estelle,
Thy daughter, and he'll wed her.
Ber. Wolf of hell!
What sayest thou?

(Enter Spinola, unperceived.)

Hag. You broke this heart of mine
Long years ago; I've come to sunder thine.
I do not fear thy vaults, e'en though in one
Delano died, locked in it by thy son,
Rudolpho.
Spin. (*aside*) Now, I know enough. I'll go.

(Exit.)

Hag. Dost thou remember yet thine oath?
Ber. I do.

Hag. You broke it.

Ber. Ay! Granvillo urged me to.
Thou wilt forgive me, Viola, my wife;
The wrongs I did thee maddened all my life.

Hag. I will forgive, Bernardo, for thy word
Is all the kindness I have ever heard.
Make bare thy bosom, and the same will I,
We've lived apart, together let us die.
Here take this dagger, let it find thy heart,
Then give it me, we never more will part.

(He stabs himself and passes the dagger to her and she does the same.)

Vio. Make wide thine arms, Bernardo, for thy bride.

(They embrace and die. Enter Rudolpho,)

Rud. Too late! too late! Such is the end of pride.
But I must think about the fair Estelle,
And find a guard to keep her in her cell.

(Enter Lessellin, a bard.)

Les. I came to sing, but these forbid my song.

Rud. I'll show thee where to sing; pray come along.
'Tis but to sing to cheer a lonely maid
Within a cage.

Les. I'll go—thou art obeyed.

(Exeunt.)

ACT IV. SCENE III.—A cell in an old Castle.

TIME.—Immediately after last scene.

(Estelle kneeling, with her hands chained to the floor. Enter Rudolpho and Lessellin.)

Rud. See, sweet Estelle. I've brought thee one to sing
Sweet songs of love to thee, and I will bring
Thee any thing.

Est. Then bring me liberty,
And I'll forget the insults offered me.

Rud. Thou shalt be free, when thou wilt be my bride.

Est. If thou retain one spark of human pride,
Return me to my home. I hate thee still.

Rud. Grant me one kiss, and I will grant thy will.

(He stoops to kiss, and Lessellin draws a pistol, but on Rudolpho's turning about, hides it.)

Est. Back! villian, dear as freedom is, I'll pine
And die, ere thus I'll make it mine.

Rud. Thou'lt sing another strain.

(Exit.)

Est, Not till I die.

Less. I'll tune my harp and sing thee one, shall I?

SONG.

Oh, my heart is sad. In my mountain home
The birds are blithe and gay,
And the winds sing sweet as they onward roam,
But my heart is sad to-day.
But I'll laugh at care, for my life is true,
And my lot though low is my own,
And my heart beats true, though my friends be few,
Yet 'tis hard to live alone.

Est. Where did you learn that song?

Less. Why would you know?

Est. It was a loved one sang it, long ago.

Les. Oh dear one, loved one, I am happy now—
Look up, Estelle!

(Throws off his disguise.)

Est. Edwardo, is it thou?

(They embrace.)

ACT IV. SCENE IV.—Another cell in the same Castle.

TIME.—Immediately after last scene. A dozen bandits sitting around tables containing cards and wine.

1*st Ban.* Comrades, farewell! I say, comrades, farewell!
I've seen this life enough—nay hear me tell.
We're branded villains by the law, and here
Must hide for years, for if we should appear,
We're hunted down with hounds, like wolves, while he
Who brought us here, Rudolpho, wanders free.
Who'll leave this life with me?

All I will!

1*st Ban.* Be still!

(Enter Rudolpho with a revolver.)

Rud. Let him prepare to die, who says I will.
Come, mates, what folly's this? If you must go,
Let's pledge in wine a toast before you do.
Fill high your cups, and let your love be seen.

(They fill.)

To fair Estelle, of Beauty's daughters, Queen.

(They drink.)

Well done, my mates; another pledge drink we,
And he who covets death may traitor be.
Fill high your goblets with the ruby wine,
And, with a will, drink to this pledge of mine.

(They fill.)

We swear to guard our leader and our band.

(They set down the wine untasted.)

What! traitors! this to me?

(Enter Officers.)

Off. Rudolpho, stand,
Deliver up your arms.

Rud. Back! every one.
Let only him who dares to die come on.
Come, comrades.

(Exeunt Banditti.)

Gone! traitors! cowards! fools!

(Officers bind him.)

Exult, proud fiends! Ay! he may laugh who rules;
'Twill be my turn to laugh, and yours to weep,
When I am free. I will a reckoning keep.

(Exeunt.)

ACT IV. SCENE V.—A Scaffold.

TIME—Next day. Executioners and block. Enter Officers, Spinola, Alvardo, and Rudolpho bound.

Off. Another opportunity is given.
Wilt thou confess, and save a lie to heaven?

(Enter Lessellin.)

Less. Hold! hold! there's one that's just been found in time,
Can prove Rudolpho guiltless of this crime.

Rud. Lessellin, noble friend!

(Lessellin throws off his disguise and appears as Edwardo.)

O God! 'tis he
I murdered, come with fiends to torment me.
Shade of Edwardo, hark! I hate thee still,
If thou'dst a thousand lives, and I my will,
I'd take them all.

Edw. I'm not a ghost you view,
But Grantly Granville, whom you thought you slew.
You threw me in a crevice in a rock,
I soon awoke, and found 'twas but a shock
Had stunned me; then, with my harp as bard,
I hired to you my own Estelle to guard.
I give thee free, for all thy wicked art,

(Enter Estelle.)

I've gained my name, and I have won her heart.

Spin. I have a small account, I will prepare.
'Twas thou deprived me of a father's care;
'Tis gipsy blood that through my pulses fly.

Rud. Alvardo, father, contradict this lie.

Alv. His words are true. I found thee at my door
Some twenty years ago.

Rud. Then all is o'er.
I hate you all. You've beaten me at last.
I'll trust the future. God forgive the past!
I take a fearful leap. Farewell! we part.

(Draws a secreted dagger.)

Behold a squandered life, a broken heart!

(Strikes the dagger to his heart.)

THE END.

THE COUNT'S BRIDE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CARLE CARTER.—A Gambler.
COUNT M. EDOUARD DELANY.—Carle Carter disguised.
HARRY DARTWELLE.—In love with Lillian.
GIPSY QUEEN.—Harry Dartwelle disguised.
BELMONT FLEETWOOD.—Imprisoned in the haunted cave by Carle Carter.
LILLIAN FLEETWOOD.—Daughter of Belmont.
OSCAR FLEETWOOD.—Son of Belmont.
JUSTIN FLEETWOOD.—Brother of Belmont.
GRACE FLEETWOOD.—Daughter of Justin.
MARC DALLYN —Friend to Harry, in love with Grace.
MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.—Harry Dartwelle disguised.
PRIEST, HOST, GUESTS AND ATTENDANTS.

PROLOGUE.

These scenes, presented in dramatic form,
Are meant to show life's sunshine and its storm;
To show how vice may for a time arise
On airy wing and mount the upper skies;
To show though justice for a time delay,
It sleepeth not, but will a vengeance pay;
To show how virtue brightens under woes,
And lastly grandly triumphs o'er its foes
To show such virtue liveth in our day
The plot is laid in HAMILTON, in CANADA.

SCENE I.—A Gambling Saloon.

TIME.—Midnight. Fierce-looking men sitting around tables covered with money, cards, knives, bottles and revolvers.

1*st Gam.* Come, landlord, come, fill up the sparkling bowl,
We'll drink to Care, old wrinkle-making soul.

(Cries of waiter, landlord, brandy, &c.)

Come, comrades, come; a health, but drink it light.
For we've a pullet yet to pluck to-night.

2*d Gam.* Ah! how is that?

1*st Gam.* I'll tell you, mates—a toast—
Carle told me all about it yesterday.
You know the youth that often comes with Carle—
He's twenty-one to-day, and heirs the wealth
His father left; at least, his half of it,
For there's a sister has the other half.

3*d Gam.* Who is his father, pray?

1*st Gam.* Ah? yes! the man,
Supposed to have been drowned in the lake.

4*th Gam.* What! Belmont Fleetwood?

1*st Gam.* Ay! His precious son.
You know old Belmont Fleetwood disappeared
Four years ago, and left behind great wealth.
His brother, Justin Fleetwood, took the heirs
To rear them up, till they should heir the wealth;
To-day, the eldest, Oscar's twenty-one.
Four years ago Carle was unfortunate,
And fell into old Belmont Fleetwood's hands,
Who beat him with a cudgel nigh to death,
And would have sent him to his long account,
Had I not heard his cries, and come with help.
Carle swore a dreadful vengeance; and, at times,
I half suspect he dug old Fleetwood's grave.

'Twas Carle who taught the youth the love of play;
A part of his dark, undefined revenge.
To-night he means to bring him here again
Elated with his newly gotten gold;
Just newly fledged; first, we must let him soar,
Then pluck his pinions, pick his very bones.

(Enter Carle Carter and Oscar Fleetwood.)

Carle. Ah! jolly mates, fill up and drink a toast
To Oscar Fleetwood, heir of Belmont Hall.
Oscar (*drunk.*) Drink hearty, lads; here, landlord, bring us wine,
We'll drink (*gives money*) to brighter, happier future days.
See here, my lads, (*shows money*) I'm twenty-one to-day;
And while they celebrate this happy day
At Fleetwood Hall, we'll celebrate it here.
Come, Carle, bring on the pictures—cards, I mean,
Which father used to call the devil's books.
I had a father once, whose heart would bleed
To see me in such company as this. (*Aside.*)

(All rush to play with Oscar.)

Carle. Back, comrades, back—my bird—my chance to pluck.

(They play. Oscar wins.)

Oscar. Ha! Carle, my shiners. I play well to-night.
Here, even up. I play a thousand pounds.

(They play. Oscar loses.)

What! lost? my birthday gift?
Carle. 'Twas just by chance;
Let's play again.
Oscar. Ay! yes! 'twas just by chance.

Drink, lads, you know I'm twenty-one to-day.
I'll stake my share of all my father's wealth.

(They play. Oscar loses.)

My God, I've lost!

Carle (*rising.*) Mates, you may have him now.

Oscar. Nay! do not rise. Mate, loan a thousand pounds;
I'll pay thee when I win it back from Carle.

1*st Gam.* We never borrow, and we never lend.

2*d Gam.* You'd better go and join the festival.

3*d Gam.* Away! they'll miss thee from the banquet-hall.

Oscar. Come, Carle, pray lend me half the gold you won
To win my wealth again.

Carle. I never lend.

Oscar. You never lend? I'm lost, a beggar now.
Where shall I turn? I cannot meet my friends,
My sister's eye—my brain—I'm going mad!
I used to pray, but have forgotten how.

Carle (*aside.*) Old Belmont Fleetwood, have I kept my oath?
How are thy chains to-night? I've plucked thy son.
I'll wed thy daughter, too, and heir thy wealth.

Oscar. 'Tis thou, Carle Carter, fiend in human shape,
Hast thrust me in this dungeon of despair.
You lured me to this devil's den of vice;
You taught my lips, once innocent and pure,
To taste the damning, withering broth of hell;
You brought me here upon my birth-day-night,
And when you've won my all, refuse to lend
A single pound to win my fortune back.

(Draws a dagger.)

Carle Carter, you shall answer for the woes
You've heaped upon my head.

Carle. (*drawing a pistol*) Back! foolish youth.
Thou speak'st truth, I grant; but list awhile,
I met thy father once to whom some years

I've owed a debt. I come to-night to pay.

Oscar Ah! now I see. I beg thy pardon, Carle,
Thou mean'st to pay my father's due to me.

Carle. I've paid the debt. I swore to Belmont once
To hunt his children to the gates of hell.

(Oscar springs at Carle, who shoots him.)

I could'nt help it, mates. Retreat! retreat!

(Exeunt all but Oscar, who is dead. Enter Lillian and Harry.)

Har. When did you miss him, Lillian, from the hall?

Lill. An hour since.

Har. He surely is'nt here——
Oh Heaven! what dreadful sight do I behold?

Lill. What, Harry? what? Speak! tell me what you see.

Har. 'Tis nought, my child, my Lillian, hurry home;
I'll follow soon.

Lill. Oh God! my brother's dead.
My Oscar, speak! Do you not know me? Speak!
Speak to thy Lillian—to thy sister pet.
He's dead, Harry, my darling brother's dead.

(Faints.)

Har. This is Carle Carter's work. If it be right
For man to talk of vengeance, nerve my arm,
Thou God of justice, that a ten-fold weight
Of dark, dire, dreadful vengeance may be paid.
And if, in thy inscrutable designs,
Thou ever choosest man to work thy will,
To mete out justice, let me be the one
To show to him, who never mercy showed,
How bitter 'tis to ask and be denied.

(Re-enter Carle.)

Carle. Ha! ha! that's spoken like a priest, but hark!
Beware, the day you cross Carle Carter's path.

(Exit.)

Har. Wake, Lillian, wake!

(Blows a whistle. Enter four men.)

We'll bear these bodies hence;
I, this one to her uncle's, Fleetwood Hall;
You, that one to the dead-house bear away.

(Exeunt all. Enter Carle Carter disguised as a French Count.)

Carle. They're gone; then I must go; but stop, here's wine.
A toast to him, who was Carle Carter once,
But now is Count M. Edouard DeLany.

(Exit.)

SCENE II.—Fleetwood Manor.

TIME.—Midnight. Guests, music and dancing.

Justin Fleetwood. Fair ladies—noble gentlemen, I'm old,
And would not join your band, and spoil your mirth,
But just to ask a riddle if you please.
You're quick at guessing—youths and maidens are—
What animal is that, guess if you can,
That goes on four feet in the early morn,
On two at noon, and goes on three at night?

Guests. We give it up at once.

Justin. Why, 'tis a man.
When I was young, and in my mother's arms,
In life's bright morn, I crept on hands and feet.
But when I came to life's meridian,
Like you I walked, as proud, erect, and free.
But now I'm old; the sun of life descends,
My knees are feeble and I use a cane.

(Enter waiter with a card.)

A card! a count! indeed. Go, bid him in—
But stop, I'll go and welcome him myself.

Exit.

1*st Guest*, (*picking up the card.*) A foreign count I see, ah! here he comes.

(Re-enter Justin and Count.)

Justin. With pleasure, guests, I add another friend
In Count M. Edouard De Lany's name.
These are invited guests to celebrate
My nephew Oscar's twenty-first birth-day.
This is my daughter, Grace.
Count. Ah! she's well named.
Justin. These are my niece and nephew—where are they?
Grace. I marked them gone an hour or more ago.
Justin. They're precious friends, Sir Count.
Count. And orphans, too?
Justin. Their father disappeared some years ago;
But, whether murdered at the dead of night,
Or carried to some distant land, or drowned,
None know, or knowing none have ever told.
He was a man of wealth, in Hamilton
No fairer mansion is, than Belmont Hall,
His residence,—Oh! by the way, I brought
Some baubles, when I came from France.
Count. Indeed?
Justin. Ah, yes; 'twas from your native city, too
Count. O then you were in Paris? May I ask
What hotel did you favor while you tarried?
Justin. The Bellevue Gardens. Did you know mine host?
Count. Ay! knew him well. What baubles did you bring?
Justin. A jeweled watch of rarest workmanship,
I brought for Oscar, for a birth-day gift;
For Lillian I a diamond neck-lace brought.

Here waiter, bring that casket from my room.

(Exit waiter. Noise without.)

1*st Guest.* What noise is that?
2*d Guest.* I thought I heard a scream.
3*d Guest.* I'm sure I heard a cry for help.
A Voice (*without.*) Help! help!
Justin. What can it mean?

(Exeunt all but the Count.)

Count. I know its meaning well;
Their eyes, though sharp, can't penetrate this guise.
There's only one I fear—away! weak heart.
I'll soon be rid of him—we'll see whose hate
Will work the soonest, Harry, mine or thine.
While they're away to learn this noise's cause,
I'll form my plans, and con them o'er again;
I'll hurry hence—secure the casket, then
Contrive to have the crime attributed
To Harry Dartwelle; then, with honied words.
I'll woo, and win fair Lillian to myself.

(Exit Count. Enter Harry and Justin.)

Justin. O cruel fate, perverse, had I but died,
Had he but lived, 'twere well; but now, alas!
I cannot bear to think on life or death.

(Enter Count.)

Count (*aside.*) I've got it, gods! See how its diamonds shine,

(Holds up the necklace.)

As brightly as my star of hope doth shine.
Justin. This way, Sir Count, and hear our tale of woe.
The youth, for whom the festival was made,
Is dead.
Count (*pointing to Harry.*) Is this not he?

Justin. He's not my son,
Though he has been my son in all but name.
He's not my nephew.
Harry. But I was his friend.
I know his murderer, Sir Count.
Count. Indeed!
Where shall we find the fiend?

(Draws his sword.)

Harry. I cannot tell; he may have flown ere this;
But I performed to heaven a solemn vow,
My friend, though dead, should not go unavenged.
Count. That's spoken, as the king said once to me;
"By heaven! My friend"—he always called me so—
"I hope to live, 'till England feels my hate."
Give me your hand—what is the murderer's name?
Harry. Carle Carter.
Count. Let us search the city o'er,
And drag the villain forth. Here is my hand;
With you, I vow to seek him day and night.
Stay! tell me of the fashion of his form,
His face, companions, place of rendezvous.
Harry. His form is comely, but his face, though fair,
Has something strange and devilish in its look.
His eye is sharp and piercing, like a hawk's,
Or soft and gentle as a wooing dove's.
Or as a serpent fascinates a bird
His gentle eye still lures his victim on—
His victim won, his eye grows fiery red,
And gloats, as demons o'er a fallen soul.
His rendezvous, companions, chord with him;
He plays the leading part, they fill the choir.
Justin. Ah! Count, my Oscar was a noble youth—
God speed you in your search.

Harry. Where shall we meet?

Count. To-morrow morning, here.

(Exeunt Harry and Justin.)

I'm safe, I'm safe,
I'll meet Carle Carter ere the morning come.
You'll meet him, too, Sir Harry, and these thefts,

(Holding up the watch and necklace,)

When found on you, will work my object well.
I should feel proud of my description, too.
I go to find Carle Carter.

(Exit.)

SCENE III.—Fleetwood Manor.

TIME—Day-break. Enter Harry—same apartment as before.

Harry. I've searched the city through, each den of vice,
Without success. The Count has not returned.
I'm weary. Oh, so weary! let me sleep.

(Sleeps. Enter Count.)

Count. My plans are rip'ning; soon I'll reap the fruit.
What have we here—a man asleep—Ye gods!
'Tis Harry Dartwelle, too. My time has come.

(Draws his sword.)

But, no! I've got a better vengeance here.

(Takes the watch and neck-lace and slips them into Harry's bosom.)

Sleep on, Harry, may thy dreams be sweet!
Thy next night's sleep will taste of dungeon air.

You failed to find Carle Carter when awake;
He watches o'er thy sleep as would a friend.

(Exit Count. Enter Justin.)

Justin. But one returned! the Count is searching still.
Oh what a noble, generous soul he is!
Wake, Harry, wake.

Harry. (*awakening*) I've had a frightful dream;
I dreamed Carle Carter came and snatched my heart,
And burned it in a crucible.

(Enter Count.)

Count. What news?
Did'st find the demon of our common search?

Harry. I found him not.

Count. I sought the city o'er
For such a being as your words described;
And found, as I supposed, our foe at last.
He fled for life, and I with death pursued;
I overtook him at a chapel door,
And found he was a priest, so I returned.

Justin. 'Tis kind in you, dear Count, to lose your rest,
To serve a friend; but get you into bed,
And snatch some sleep before the sun be up.

(Enter servant.)

Serv. My master, when I went last night to bring
The casket, as you bade me, from your room,
I found the casket broken, and the watch
And neck-lace gone. This dagger, stained with blood,
Was lying near the window on the floor,

Harry. (*aside*) My dagger!

Serv. So, I called the watch this morn.

(Enter police.)

Police. Let see the dagger, that you told me of.

Harry. (*aside*) Undone, though innocent; (*aloud*) the dagger's mine,
But how it came thus spotted o'er with blood
I cannot guess.
Count. Can it be possible,
An angel face can hide a demon's heart?
Harry. I'm not a murderer, friends, why draw you back?
Oh God! this is too hard for me to bear.

(In drawing his handkerchief, the neck-lace falls from his bosom. Justin snatches it up.)

Justin. The necklace—demon—where did thou get this?
Harry. I cannot tell.
Pol. That means you won't.
Count. The watch
Is doubtless in his bosom, too—pray search.
Harry. Stand back, my friend, I'm neither fiend or thief.
I have it not—I'll search myself myself.

(Finds it.)

Here is the watch, but he, who placed it here,
Is guilty—'twas not I.
Count. They'll all speak so.
Pol. I'm loath to act, but duty must be done.

(Handcuffs him.)

Harry. Here are my hands, as innocent as thine.

(Exeunt all but the Count.)

Count. So much for hate; and now away to love.
'Tis fortunate the court is sitting still,
An hour hence and Harry will be doomed,
And I be free—Ah! here comes one from court.

(Enter a Clerk.)

A moment friend—pray, can you tell the fate
Of him just taken for the last night's crime?

Clerk. Imprisonment for life with kindred souls
In Kingston's home of penitence for thieves.
He goes immediately; I saw him sail.

(Exit.)

Count. 'Tis even better than my highest hopes.
O sweet is vengeance to a soul like mine!
I've blighted Belmont Fleetwood's cherished hopes,
I slew his son, to prison sent his friend.

(Muttering thunder in the distance.)

A storm is brewing—tis the very thing—
The Haunted Cave will be more gloomy now;
I'll hasten there before the storm be up,
And feed his soul his daily dish of grief.

(Thunder.)

A little spice to please his morning taste!

(Thunder nearer.)

The storm approaches; I must also haste.

SCENE IV.--The Haunted Cave.

TIME.—An hour later than Scene 3d. A dark cave. In the back part, with long matted hair and unshorn beard, lies the half-naked Belmont Fleetwood with a chain around his waist, fastened to the side of the wall. Terrific thunder and lightning.

Bel. (*rising.*) For four long years I've wasted in this cave,
Nor have I seen a human face but his,
That demon, who confined and brings me food.
This is my freedom's bounds.

(Looks at the length of his chains.)

Oh, why do men
Not sometimes seek this cave? I've often screamed
For help, perhaps my screams have been my foe.
I used to hear, when I was but a boy
This cave was haunted, but I never dreamed
That I would be the haunting spirit, then.
I sometimes have companions in my gloom,
A bat, or lonely owl, awaiting night;
But fauns and satyrs never visit me,
Nor in my dungeon mingle in a dance.

(Thunder.)

There is a storm without—God save the poor,
And shield the sailors on the sea to-night!
To-night, I said—it may be night or day,
I cannot tell. I've kept no count of time,
But years; and these were years of night to me.
Four times the leaves of Autumn, withered, sere,
And like my heart the winds have wafted here.
And thus, while time has meted but four years,
My heart has measured four, a thousand fold.

(Enter Count, bearing a torch.)

Count. A fearful storm without, a storm within.
Bel. Whatever thou mayest be, if flesh and bood
With heart of man; nay! even less than that,
With demon's heart, remove me from this hell
I am not mad, but have been kept for spite
A captive in this cave. Thine is the first,
Besides my keeper's face, I've seen for years.
My soul is bitter with the grief I've known,
My cup is full, I've drunk its dregs.
Count, (*removing his disguise,*) Ha! ha!
Thy cup is drained? I'll fill it up again;
And this is how you tell your visitors

About your keeper's sins. (*whips him.*) Here's cheer my man,
Come let me see you sniffle like a child.
Do you remember, when you beat me thus
Because I came to take a little gold?

Bel. Carle Carter, list; I'll beg to even thee;
Release me, and what wealth remains is yours,
I'll never breathe thy name to mortal ears;
I want to see if yet my children live.

Count. Your wealth is mine, without prevent or let;
Your son is dead, I slew him with this hand;
Your daughter's mine, she'll be my bride to-night.
I am not Carle; I'm Count De Lany now,
That's what they call me up at Fleetwood Hall.

Bel. O, sir, have pity, sir, release me, pray,
That I may gaze once more upon my boy.

Count. Thou, Belmont Fleetwood, never shalt be free;
'Twould spoil the plans I've laid for future bliss.

Bel. Thou blood-stained monster, I shall yet be free,
And all the pains, that demons can invent
Will be as play to what thou shalt endure.

Count. So, so! the worm can threaten; and if I
Were in a mood for mirth, I'd hear thy rage,
And have it for my pastime every day.

Bel. Away! I'd rather be alone.

Count. I go,
And, when I come again, I'll be thy son.

(Exit.)

Bel. God save my children from this monster's arms!

SCENE V.—Fleetwood Manor.

TIME.—10 o'clock at night. Lillian's parlor. Enter Count.

Count. So far my plans have prospered; not a straw
Has lain 'twixt me and happiness; and now
The brightest diamond of my crown I'll set.
I sometimes feel a little sad I own;
But, then I think of Ahab, David, Cain,
Who sought their pleasure e'en with others' death.

(Enter Lillian.)

I've just returned from an unfruitful search;
I sought to slay thy brother's murderer.
Thy uncle, too, has told me all the tale;
Thy father's death, if he be dead, and all—
Here lady Lillian is my sympathy.

Lill. O, Sir, you're kind, you're very kind in truth—
My brother's gone; what will become of me?

Count. I'll be thy brother, Lillian, and let him
Who covets death be ought but friend to thee.
Could I but hope in time to dry thy tears,
To have the love thy brother used to claim,
This were the happiest day I ever knew.
Thy brother's words, when in his kindest mood,
Would not be kinder than my words to thee;
My arm shall be thy shield from harm by day,
And, woe to him! who seeks thy hurt by night.

(During the above speech the mysterious stranger enters unperceived, drops a letter, and disappears.)

Lill. You're kind, dear Count, and all the love I have
Besides my uncle's share I give to thee.

(A voice hoarse, and discordant, sings under the window. The Count trembles with fear.

SONG.

Beware the whirling, mountain winds;
Beware the frenzied zany;
Beware the sea, when sun sets red;
Beware Count M. Le Lany.

Beware the broth that witches stir;
Beware the vulture's pinion;
But more than all, beware the Count;
Beware the devil's minion.

Beware the spell the serpent binds
About the bird enchanted;
Beware what Count De Lany says,
The plans his thoughts have planted.

Beware the viper's deadly sting,
The storms of bleak November;
Beware the liar's honied words:
Your unknown friend remember.

Count. Fair Lillian, this is some vile plan hatched up
In the sick brain of some, who know my love,
And wish to injure me in Lillian's eyes.
I never saw your lovely face before,
And cannot tell what draws me unto thee.
I know not if 'tis love, or sympathy,
But I do know you're dear as life to me;
And if you'll give to me the power, the right,
To seek your father, if he be alive,
And to avenge your brother being dead,
Those lips shall never breathe a sigh for me,
Those eyes shall never weep on my account.
I'll weep with you, when sad; and laugh, when gay;
But, if you bid me, go! I'll say, farewell!
And never persecute you with my love.

Lill. Stay! stay! dear Count, I do not bid you go.
If you will swear my father shall be found;
My brother's death avenged, I'll give the right.

Count. Bless thee sweet Lillian, since thou dos't consent,

The right I ask is, be my bride to-night.

Lill. I cannot be to-night; my brother's grave
Was newly made scarce seven hours ago.

Count. You cannot give him life. Consent, sweet one,
And, when the old cathedral's iron tongue

[Enter unperceived the mysterious stranger.]

Rings out eleven, haste and be my bride.

M. Stran. (*aside*) I'll baste there too, and be your wedding guest.

(Exit.)

Count. Wilt thou consent? my pet, just say—

Lill. I will.

Count. Farewell, sweet one, untill the bell shall ring;
I'll have all ready; prythee don't forget.

(Exit Count.)

Lill. I'll not forget. O cruel, cruel fate!
To wed a stranger thus unloved, alone;
But then he swore to know my father's fate,
'Twas this, not love, that made me say I will.

(A voice without, singing sweetly.)

SONG.

Come away to my lay
For the night-star is up,
And the moon's on the bay;
My boat rideth free,
And the night-bird's song
With my dripping oar
Shall sound a chime,
As we glide along.
Come away! come away!
My boat's on the shore,
My hope-star is up,
And the moon's on the bay—
Dearest and brightest one,
Come away! come away!

(Softly)

Come away! come away!

SCENE VI.—The Cathedral.

TIME.—Eleven o'clock at night. A bell tolls. A priest stands behind the altar, and Lillian, arrayed as a bride, stands in front of it.

Priest. Daughter, thy hour is come; thy bridegroom not.
Ah! yes, he comes in haste.

(The Mysterious Stranger enters hurriedly and takes his place beside the bride. Lillian does not raise her eyes.)

M. Stran. Haste, holy father!

Priest. Lillian, you take this man to be your own
Through evil and through good report, the same
To love and cherish, honor and obey?

Lill. I do.

Priest. You take her for your wedded wife,
To love, protect, and cherish her through life?

M. Stran. I do.

Priest. Then I pronounce—

(Enter Count in great haste. Lillian faints. The Mysterious Stranger catches her and exeunt.]

Count. What does this mean?

Priest. I cannot guess, Sir Count. I thought 'twas you;
The bell had ceased to toll, you came too late—
What was the cause of that?

Count. I'd cause enough.
While I was hieing hither through the park,
My arms were seized behind, my mouth was stopped;
Then, with a cord he bound me to a tree—
For 'twas the one you just saw disappear.
What shall I do? Good father, can't thy words
Revoke the bonds?

Priest. They're registered in heaven,
And all the power that men or states possess,

Cannot annul a marriage vow, once made.
You've lost your bride; your bride has found a groom.
Had she been good, she were too good for you,
If ill, perhaps you're better as you are.
Go home, my son, and this experience sip:
There's many a slip between the cup and lip.

SCENE VII.—Fleetwood Manor.

TIME.—Midnight. Lillian's parlor. Enter Mysterious Stranger bearing the still inanimate form of Lillian.

M. Stran. Rest there, my Lillian, pet, my darling bride;
But wear thou this

(Places a bracelet on her arm.)

In mem'ry of to-night,
My fair, my loved, my beautiful, my bride.
From what a doom I've snatched thee, darling one!
How pale and death-like are thy features; yet,
If there be in my kiss enough of life
To wake thee—wake!

(Kisses her, she wakes, but not till he is out of sight.)

Lill. Am I awake? O, what a troubled dream!
I dreamed I waited for the Count to come,
And breathed my vows to one I never saw.
But what is this? It was not all a dream.
How came this bracelet here? I cannot guess.
Stop, let me see, what words are graven on't:
To her I love who almost was my bride.
O, I remember now, 'twas not a dream—
A voice, deep-toned, beside me said, *I do.*
And, when the priest said, *I pronounce*, the Count
Came in—I fainted, fell, and don't remember more.

Oh, what a host of incidents are pressed
Within the limits of a single day!
O God of orphans, guide my feet aright!

SCENE VIII.—Fleetwood Park.

TIME.—Ten o'clock next night. Enter Count and Grace Fleetwood.

Count. Yon silent moon, now shining on your home,
Will shine to-night upon my native France.
This is a lovely scene, a lovely home,
But were you ever in another land,
And did you ever see those grand old domes,
Those mountain-peaks of everlasting snow,
And mighty wonders other lands possess?

Grace. This is my own, my native land, Sir Count,
These are our domes, and these our mountain-peaks.
I love them well, because my own; and yet
I'd dearly love to visit other lands.
There lies old Lake Ontario—'tis our sea—
And yonder stand our forests—Nature's parks,
And yet I'd love to see an ocean-storm.
'Tis true the waves dash high upon the shore,
When storms blow up.

Count. Though nothing like the sea;
But still methinks your storms must be severe.
Two days ago a ship rode out, you know,
To bear the thief and murderer away.

Grace. I can't believe him guilty of the crime.

Count. The judges thought him so. Let's say no more.
He was thy cousin, Grace, he was my friend.
I'll never know so true a one again.

(Weeps.)

And he is dead, the ship they say was lost.
'Twas but an hour I saw him, but my heart
Was drawn towards him by an unseen tie;
He seemed so pure, and innocent. You know
The day he sail'd, a dreadful storm came up,
The ship was wrecked and all on board were lost.

Grace. Does Lillian know this?

(Enter Marc Dallyn unperceived.)

Count. No! she knows it not.
I came to ask of thee thy friendly aid
To come with me and break the news to her.

Grace. I go.

(Exeunt Grace and Count.)

Marc. Can I believe my eyes—'tis true—
But why should I have aught against the Count?
Could she not see it? I could see it smile—
A sort of demon lurking in his eyes.
But, rest my heart, perhaps 'twas jealousy,
That sickly fancy of a lover's brain,
That, like *delirium tremens*, paints mad forms
Upon the very face of those we love—
But no! my heart is free from jealousy.
I'll watch him well. But hark! they come again.

(Retires behind a tree. Enter Count and Grace.)

Count. How pale she is, and mourns her brother so;
Alone! so sad, Grace, were it not for you,
I'd fall in love with her; within a week
We'd wed; and, then away to sunny France—
But here's thy door. Forget me not, sweet maid,
I'll join you soon.

(Exit Grace.)

Now, by yon silver moon!
She'll be my bride, since Lillian cannot be.
But, who can this mysterious bride-groom be?—

He'll be the object of my vengeance next.
The knotted cord that stranglers use, my sword,
The poison needle, pistol, are his foes.
By all the fiends in hell! Carle Carter thus
Was never thwarted in his plans before;
Nor shall be now.

(Pulls off his disguise and a dagger falls with it to the ground.)

Ha! ha! how well 'twas done?
Count M De Lany!

(Laughs.)

Marc. (*aside*) Oh! burst not, my heart!
What do I see? My friend is saved—O joy!

Carle. I'll go and torment Belmont Fleetwood, now.

(Marc rushes out, secures the disguise and the dagger.)

Marc. Carle Carter, hound of hell, dare not to move!

Count. Ha! ha! Poor foolish youth, we've met before—
Hear me repeat thy words, *dare not to move*,

(Drawing a revolver.)

Or this same hand, that's taken life before,
Will scruple not to rid the earth of thee.
Return that guise and dagger.

(Fires over him.)

In my hand
I've seven more such arguments as that;
And, on a word, the first shall reach thy heart.

(Marc returns them and Carle puts them on, blows a whistle, enter two persons, masked.)

Bind him, and bear him to the Haunted Cave,
And stop his mouth; he talks too much. Ah! Marc,
Speech is a glorious gift, when rightly used,
It had been better had you used yours less;
I'll take good care that you shall not rehearse
To other ears than bats, save mine and thine.

Away with him! the Haunted Cave is safe,
For none will ever dare to seek him there.

(Exeunt masks with Marc.)

Another fool must tempt his certain fate.
Ye gods! some minds can't let the present be,
But seek to try the future ere it come,
But Marc is safe; for none shall know his doom.

(Exit Count. Enter Mysterious Stranger.)

M. Stran. *None ever dare to seek the cave?* Sir Count,
I'll go to-night, and thwart your hellish schemes.
I've seen the cave; 'twas when I was a boy—
I've heard what nurses tell to fright their wards,
That screams are heard within its recesses.
I'll solve the problem ere the morning wake.

SCENE IX.—The Haunted Cave.

TIME.—Half an hour after the last scene. Belmont Fleetwood in the back part, chained as before, and Marc chained in a similar way at the side of the cave.

Marc. Alone in darkness in this dismal cave,
To rot, perhaps, without a burial—
Though he may chain my frame, my mind is free.

Bel. Nor can he chain thy soul, for God is here;
Four weary years He's kept me company.

Marc. What tones are these? so hollow, strange, yet true,
I cannot see thee, for the gloom is thick.
Who art thou, if thou art? or am I mad,
And have the native terrors of the place
Combined to mock me? Let me have thy hand.

Bel. Mine eyes are more accustomed to the gloom—
Here is my hand, mate of my living tomb.

Marc. I feel it; chill and clammy, like the stone—

Come and release me.

Bel. Ah! like thee, I'm bound.

Marc. What is thy name, if thou hadst mortal birth?

Bel. Belmont Fleetwood.

Marc. What! what? I'm surely mad.

Bel. Nay, nay, 'twere well if thou wert mad, my boy—
What is thy name?

Marc. Marc Dallyn. Gracious God!
How shall I tell him how his children fare?

Bel. My children? yes, oh! speak to me of them.
O, tell me, tell me, do my children live?

Marc. They live; but only one on earth; thy son,
Three days ago, was murdered by the fiend
Who brought me here.

Bel. Carle Carter? So he said.
But I *did* think, with all his demon rage,
He could not kill my gentle, darling boy.
I hoped to see him, but I now would die—
But no! I had a daughter once—dost know
Of her?

Marc. She lives.

Bel. She was my darling child.
I'd live to save her from this monster's rage.

(Enter Mysterious Stranger with a torch, wearing a dark cloak and masked.)

M. Stran. I've seen no goblins yet—this cave is deep;
I surely must be nearly at its end.
What forms are these? I only sought for one.

(Puts down his torch.)

Marc. Release us,

M. Stran. Ay! that's Marc.

Bel. (*aside*) I've heard that voice.
I used to hear it many years ago;
He was my Oscar's playmate, but he's dead.

M. Stran. I heard that fiend denounce you; you are free

[Releases him.]

On one condition:— both must be concealed,
Until to-morrow night, and then we'll meet
At the cathedral at a wedding there.

Marc. But who art thou?

M. Stran. (*unmasking*) Behold me, Harry Dartwelle.

Marc. Oh, Harry, is this you?—perhaps thy ghost;
I've heard of such things walking in this cave.
They said thy ship was wrecked, and all were drowned.

M. Stran. I'm flesh and blood. The ship was wrecked, the beam
To which my hands were bound brought me to shore.
But who is this companion of your gloom?

Bel. Oh, Harry Dartwelle; once my truest friend.

M. Stran. 'Tis Belmont Fleetwood.

(Releases him.)

Bel. Ay! it used to be.
My son is dead.

M. Stran. I'll be a son to thee.

Bel. Thou shalt. They killed my other son. And yet,
May God forgive, though I cannot forget.

SCENE X.—Fleetwood Manor.

TIME—Ten o'clock next night. Enter Justin, Grace Lillian and the Count.

Grace. Be seated friends, (*knocking*) but hark! what sounds are those?
I'll go, and bring thee word.

(Exit.)

Count. What bracelet's that?

Lill. I cannot show't, I got it in a dream.

(Grace re-enters.)

Grace. A g'psy-queen's without—I bade her in.
We'll have our fortunes read.

(Enter Gipsy Queen.)

Good mother, tell
If there be any in this company
Whose fortunes are of consequence, so great
As that the fates should make them known to you.

Gip. Count M. De Lany's fortune and thine own—
Thine be as bright as is thy own sweet face;
His be as dark as is his own black heart.
Count M. De Lany, let me see thy hand.

Count, (*aside*) 'Tis best to humor her.

Gip. What spots are these,
That look like stains of blood?

Count. There are no spots.

Gip. You cannot wash them out. And what are these?
I see a necklace made of hemp for thee.

Count. Away old bunch of lies; we've heard enough.

Gip. Enough for now; I'll not forget the rest.
I go—Beware!

(Exeunt Gipsy Queen, Lillian and Justin.)

Count. Do you believe these lies?

Grace. Ah! no, they'll tell you anything for gold.

Count. That's spoken, like my angel, as you are;
My guardian angel, in an hour my bride—
Do not forget; the bell begins to toll.

(Exit.)

Grace. So, I'm to wed a Count—what happiness
To know before another sun shall rise
His hellish schemes will meet a just reward!

(Exit Grace. Enter Gipsy Queen, throwing off her disguise, appears as the Mysterious Stranger.]

M. Stran. What! not enough of matrimony yet?
She'll be your bride at 'leven? I'll be there.
I wed your other bride, Sir Count—poor fool,
I'll see you're wed this time. The bell doth toll.

SCENE XI.—The Cathedral. Bell tolls.

TIME.—Half an hour after last scene. Marc Dallyn disguised as Priest, standing behind the altar. The Count, and Harry Dartwelle disguised as Grace, are in front.

Marc. Woman, you take this man to be your own?
Harry. I do.
Marc. You take this woman for your wedded wife,
To love and cherish as you would your life?
Count. I do.
Marc Then I pronounce you—Carle, the murderer!

(Throwing off his disguise.)

These hands you bound; and all is known.
Count. (*throwing off his disguise,*)
I am Carle Carter, but all is not known.
I've lived for vengeance, and I've had my will.
Four years has Belmont languished in a cave,
There he may die. 'Twas I who killed his son.
I made you feel my power and my hate.
'Twas I who placed that necklace and that watch
In Dartwelle's bosom; and he, too, is dead.
Har. He lives.

(Throwing off his disguise.)

I wed your former bride, and thus
I've wed yourself. I'll end your fortune, now,
Beginning where the gipsy ended hers:
The earlg ravens of the morn shall feast

Upon thy carcass from thy gibbet-bier.

(Enter Grace and Lillian.)

Grace. Dear Marc.
Lill. Dear Harry.
Har. Lillian, my bride,
I could forget, if Oscar had not died.
Lill. He liveth, Harry, safe from earthly fear.

(Enter Belmont Fleetwood.)

Carle All ! all is lost !

(Dropping his head.)

Lill. (*running to Bel.*) O, father dear!
Bel. God bless you, children. Heaven send thee (*to Carle*) aid.

(Placing his arm around Harry and Lillian and holding the other to shield them from Carle.)

And thus may vice and virtue be repaid.

TABLEAU

COLUMBIAD.

ARGUMENT.

Columbus applies to Isabella of Castile for ships to search for a western passage to the Indies.

Isabella sells her jewels to supply him with money.—Columbus is about to set sail from Palos, a port in Spain.

Ferdinando and his confessor, Abba da Rabida, come down to secretly watch the parting between Columbus and Isabella. The Abba stirs up the jealousy of Ferdinando, and finally proposes that if they fail to pursuade Columbus not to attempt the discovery, the Abba shall secrete himself in the vessel, and in the character of a ghost, so work upon the fears of the seamen, as to cause them to mutiny and return to Spain.

After the return of the fleet, he urges that Ferdinando can secretly send out a fleet, and thus secure all the wealth and honor of the expedition.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINANDO.—King of Arragon.
ABBA DA RABIDA.—His Confessor.
ISABELLA.—Queen of Castile.
COLUMBUS.—A Genoese Navigator.
SEAMEN, SENTINELS, TRUMPETERS AND ATTENDANTS.

SCENE I.—On board the Sancta Maria at Palos.

TIME.—Day-break. Flourish of trumpets within. Enter Ferdinando, and Abba da Rabida.

Ferd. The morning breeze blows o'er the western main,
As if to woo that madman to his doom.
It grieves the tender texture of our love,
That Isabella, with a woman's quiz,
Must list and list'ning sanction with her smile—
A smile, that woman's sword of double edge,
This way to slay a heart with hopeless love,
That way, with burning, blighting, with'ring scorn—
Ay! more, to rouse our jealousy.
The jewels that our royal hand bestowed
Are prostituted to a dreamer's myth,
A scheme I cannot hinder or approve.
Speak, good Rabida, as thou hast our love.

Rab. Great king of Spain, and monarch of the wave,
Be pleased to listen, then condemn or praise
A plan my subtle fancies have matured,
Whereby Columbus shall be sure to fall,
Who seeks dishonor to thy majesty.
Thou know'st the queen will come to bid him speed
An hour hence, before the rising sun,
Then thou shalt see how tenderly they part—
Let's hide us here, and I'll a plan unfold
To fill thy ships with gems and Indian gold.

Ferd. Breath balm, Rabida, for our morning mind
Is ruffled, and as a tempest-troubled sea.
What is thy plan? if happy even now
It is adopted by our royal vow.

Rab. When first Columbus sought the court of Spain,

Thy powers to judge were younger then than now.
He took an apple on a spindle, thus,
And twirling, turned it, saying, "So, the earth
From morn to morn, from sun to sun, revolves,
From year to year, from age to age, the same,
In four and twenty turnings of the glass
Metes out the day, and part for sleep and dreams.
By eastern seas thy seamen seek the East,
By western seas I'd seek Golconda's shore."
So spake Columbus, and my tingling ears
Said to my soul, *Rabida, where's thy fame?*
For lo! this plan I'd cherished from my youth,
But lacking wealth, I hid it in my heart.
My noble king, I know theory's true,
And now, if this Columbus doth depart,
To him the praise and honor will be given,
Your name will vanish from historic page
To old Oblivion's gelid gulf of gloom,
Where must go without some valiant act
To paint them on the burning scroll of fame.
Then let us urge the Queen most vehement;
And urge Columbus with pretended love.
If thus we fail, them seem to acquiesce,
While I steal hence and hide me in the ship,
Until at sea a week or two has passed,
Then in the character of friendly ghost
Of old Æneas, Virgil's wanderer,
To him, who walks as sentinel at night,
I'll tell such dreadful tales of demon-spells,
Laid round the minds of those who dare those shores.
I'll stir that fear that lurks in human breasts,
That hidden, universal dread of death—
I'll stir the seamen up to mutiny,
And bind their fears together, as a cord

Of scorpions' stings, and whip them back to Spain.
When they arrive, can we not secretly
Fit out a fleet to seek that wealthy shore?
And then all fame and honor will be thine;
For none need know the fleet has not for years
Been cruising o'er the undiscovered sea—
This is, O king, the plan I offer thee.

Ferd. 'Tis shrewdly thought, and marvelously wise,
And hath full favor in our royal eyes.
Here comes the queen; let warm your greeting be,
That she suspect us not of treachery.

(Flourish of trumpets. Enter Isabella and attendants.)

God save thee, gracious queen!

Rab. God bless thee, queen.

Isa. Ay! God be with us all, fair gentlemen.

Ferd. Amen. We hope thy health is sweet, our queen.
We hoped to see Columbus here this morn,
And gather wisdom, sitting at his feet.
A paragon of excellence he is,
Or must be, since, with magic spell, his arts
Have carried captive our once loving queen.

Isa. O, talk not so

Ferd. Most wise and potent queen,
Thy royal mind and royal will make known,
That we, admiring, may allegiance swear.
Great Isabella, tell how Ferdinand
Should rule his mighty realm of Arragon,
That joy may sit in every palace hall,
And smile in every hamlet-cottage door,
And traitors tremble when my name is heard;
For surely, thou such wisdom can'st impart,
Who knowest more than all the kings of earth.
For thou didst deem his idle tale a truth,
Yet knewest not Columbus was in France,

Genoa, Portugal, and Britain, too,
Without success, before he sought thy court.
For old Genoa knew his mania long,
And Portugal is skilled upon the seas,
And knows the madness of such silly schemes.
Britain is staid and fond of facts and proofs,
She wavers not with every wind that blows,
Gets not enthusiastic o'er a fly,
Nor grows despondent, though the heavens frown,
But weighs each word and deed and recompense—
When weighed, decides, and when decided, acts.
Great Britain saw the folly of his thought;
And France is not ambitious on the sea.
But thou, with wisdom more than all possess,
Hast found, at least, pretendest to have found
A meaning to his senseless theories;
Hast sold the jewels of my bridal gifts,
The outward symbol of my inward love,
To buy these vessels for this ranting stranger.

Isa. My lord and master, husband, Ferdinand,
I stand rebuked, but not convinced of wrong.
Thou know'st Golconda's wealth is not a myth;
Thou knowest India's groves are spice and myrrh;
And these Columbus guarantees to bring
By sailing outward towards the setting sun,
Across the western, undiscovered sea.
Why should it seem a thing incredible,
A mind, superior to the common herd,
Should rise to bless the nations with a thought?
Let's rather pray that Heaven may condescend
To bring his voyage to a prosperous end.

Ferd. Yet, p'rythee, is thy royal mind prepared
To hear the jeerings and the ribald jest?
To hear thy kingdom coupled with a fool?
Come, good Rabida, use thy eloquence,

Persuade her with thy weightiest arguments,
Ere we become a jest and laughing-stock.

Rab. I pray thee, Isabella, gracious queen,
Let not thy choler kindle while I speak.
With cares of government thy life has passed—
With me 'tis different. I've set my heart
To study out mysterious, hidden things.
To know the courses of the moving stars;
To watch the changes of the virgin moon;
To know the tides, compute the flight of time,
And mete the bound'ry of the mighty sea.
There *is* a land beyond the setting sun,
But 'tis a land of terror, grief, and woe,
A land where fiends and furies work their spell,
The den of devils, and the mouth of hell,
The lightnings' home, the thunders' gloomy cave.
Sometimes I've heard, when standing on the shore,
And winds blew in across the western wave,
A wail, as demons make, when hell-tide ebbs,
And leaves them lying on the burning beach.

Isa. Columbus trembles not at idle tales,
That superstition tells, and children fear.

Rab. Thou know'st that when we cross to Afric's shore,
The sky behind us sinks into the sea;
And thus, when he away to westward sails
His three years voyage (for so long 'twill take,)
The ship will have to rise in its return,
Which cannot be accomplished by a ship.
Or it may be, as I have sometimes thought,
The sea to westward has no earthly shore,
But reaches the eternal shores, and laps
In silent wavelets on eternity.
And some contend, beyond a certain point
The ship is hurried to that mystic realm,
Without the power to slacken, or return.

And well thou know'st how many ships have passed
Beyond that bourne, and never have returned,
Therefore, I pray thee, lend him not thy hand
To purchase death in that enchanted land.

Isa. I gave my promise, and the ships are his;
I gave him treasures, and I ne'er retract;
I gave him seamen, and he has them yet,
But I will add my voice to thine once more,
And pray him, weigh the consequences well,
If thou, when he remaineth firm and true,
Wilt say with me, God speed thee all aright,
Wilt grant with me what he demands his gain,
A tenth of all the gold he bringeth Spain,
Together with this title to his sons:—
Grand viceroy of the seas forever more.
And king of all the realms he may explore.

Ferd. Agreed, since I can gain no better stand.
Here comes Columbus with his hair-brained band,
Thou entertain him and let us retire;
A half an hour hence we'll join thee here.

(Ferdinando and the Abba retire a short distance and conceal themselves to watch the parting of the Queen and Columbus. Enter Columbus and seamen.)

Col. The sun just rises from the Middle Sea,
To-night he'll bathe him in the western main—
We go to view the lands he smiles upon,
And gather riches in that golden realm,
Where rivers roll o'er diamond, onyx sands,
And fairest flowers sparkle in the sun;
Where trees of greenest verdure bloom for aye,
And birds of gentlest beak sing in the groves;
Where fountains spring, whose magic powers bring,
Once tasted, bloom of everduring youth.
If any now repent him of his vow,

He's free to go to grovel yet in Spain.
For me, I go to seek the hidden shore
Beyond the cave, where night by night, the sun
Shuts up his brightness from a sleeping world.
Who wish to wander with all fortunes one,
Commend your souls to Him who rules the sea.
For Arragon three cheers (*cheers*), for Castile three.

(Cheer)

Isa. Thanks, noble gentlemen·
Col. Heaven bless thee, Queen.

(Kisses her hand twice.)

Rab. (*to Ferd*) Didst mark the greeting?
Ferd. 'Twas affectionate.
Col. If harm befal us, that we ne'er return,
I pray thee see our children do not want—
We go, farewell!

(Isabella weeps.)

Rab. (*to Ferd*) Dost mark those farewell tears?

(Re-enter Rabida and Ferdinando.)

Col. Ah! who are these? Would'st join our fortune, too?
Isa. It is the king.
Col. Heaven bless thee, Ferdinand.
Ferd No! not to join your fortunes are we here,
But to beseech you with our royal prayer
Consider once again the consequence.
Col. The consequence? I've thought of it by day
And dreamed of it by night.
Ferd. Ah! yes, and dreamed!
But will thou on a dream seek certain death?
Thou'dst better find an object for thy breath.
Col. Thou know'st for years my hopes were flattered thus
By kings and princes who forgot their word;

Therefore, I pray thee, bid us heaven's speed.
Thy blessing Queen, and Abba, too, we need.

Ferd. Then take our blessing, if our counsel not.
God bless and save thee from the undefined,
Viceroy Columbus, now, forever more,
And king (*crowns him*) of all the realms thou mayst explore.

Isa. And shield thee from the dangers of the day,
And save thee from the terrors of the night.

Rab. Fain, fain, my son, would I have bidden stay,
But since thou goest, God speed thee on thy way.

(Raises his hands.)

Benedictio Dei Patris,
Dei Filii, et Dei Sancti Spiriti, tecum
Nuncque, semper manet. Amen.

(Exeunt Ferdinand, Rabida, Isabella and train.)

Col. The breeze is fair—to posts, my boys!

Seamen. Ay! ay!

(Re-enter Abba in the rear, dressed in a white gown. Secretes himself in the ship.)

Col. A cheer for those we leave upon the land,

(Cheers.)

A song for those who roam upon the sea.

(A bell tolls. They sing, and the song gently dies out in the distance.)

SONG.

All.—Sing, boys, sing, the ship rides ready,
Blow, winds, blow, the sails stand steady—
Over the waves we go,
Gently blow, winds, blow.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.—On board the Sancta Maria, 800 leagues to west of Spain.

TIME.—Midnight. Enter two sentinels, walking to and fro upon the deck.

1*st Sen.* He's gone, he's gone! just there he stood and cried,
Return! return to Spain, thy native land!

2*d Sen.* Just there he stood last night at the same hour;
It was my watch, a rustling noise I heard,
Mine eyes will ne'er forget the sight I saw;
His hair was white, and long, and thin; his eyes
Shone like a tiger's eyes, when seen at night;
His garments long, were whiter than the snow;
And though he opened not his mouth, a voice,
Hoarse as the raven's curdling croak, cried out,
Return! return to Spain, thy native land!

1*st Sen.* Away! away! go quietly away
And bring the seamen here, that we may tell
What fearful things are nightly seen and heard.

(Exit 2d Sentinel. Enter Rabida as the ghost of Æneas.)

Rab. I'm old Æneas, Virgil's wanderer,
And come to warn you, tempt the gods no more.
Return! return to Spain, thy native land!

(Vanishes. Re-enter Sentinel and Seamen.)

1*st Sen.* Gently, my friends, Columbus dreameth still
With glass in hand and quadrant at his side;
A little noise may wake him from his sleep,
Therefore, I pray you, gently, comrade, tell
What they themselves have seen day after day,
Then I will tell what we have seen to-night.

2*d Sen.* Ye know 'tis nearly eight and twenty days

Since last our eyes beheld our native land;
And never, in our mem'ries, has a cruise
Been prosperous in a broken-ruddered ship.
Ye can remember that our rudder broke
The day that Spain went down astern the ship?
And well ye know the winds have filled the sails.
And still blow on to waft us to the west?
Now when we turn to seek our native shore,
The winds will blow us whither we would not.

1*st Seaman.* I know it well, and while to-night I slept,
An angel came, and stood beside my bed,
And cried return! return!

All. To us the same.

1*st Seaman.* I woke, and found me in a fever glow,
And strange wild noises tingled in my ears.
I slept again; again the angel came,
And cried, return to Spain, they native land—
Why tempt thy fate? Arise, arise, return.
Then I arose, and found me all a-chill,
And drops of fear stood o'er my frame as sweat.

1*st Sent.* Thou knowest, too, when those strange forms were found,
Whose hair hung loose and dark upon the wave,
Whose skins were red, and shone like burnished brass,
Columbus laughed, when we did quake with fear,
And bade us add to ship another sail
To urge us swifter to that cursed land.
And I suspect, from what I've seen and heard,
He's in a league with devils.

2d *Seaman.* So think I,
And have thought since the day we found those canes
That followed with the ship the live-long day;
For I declare I saw them in the morn
And picked them up beside the ship at night.

Columbus smiled, while we did think them sent
To warn us not to tempt the mystic shore.

1*st Sen.* I would, my comrades, that the worst were told.
To-night, while walking in my watch, I saw
A spirit standing there with flaming eyes,
And told me dreadful things: it cried, aloud,
Return! return to Spain, thy native land!
Columbus seeks thy harm. Which brought to mind
What I did hear Columbus intimate
The day those flocks of strange, mysterious birds
Did hover round our ship at break of day,
With wings like bats, but twice the size of man,
And then, with dreadful screechings, sought the west.
When you wept, beat your breast with very fear,
He turned to me, and, winking slyly, said,
Poor ignorant dolts, they'll see still stranger things.
That was the day the compass, that we brought,
That always pointed north, refused to work.
And when you swore to cast him in the sea,
Constrained by fear, he gave his word in pledge,
If three days pass without success, to turn;
He said to me as at the prow he stood,
Still peering o'er the ocean to the west,
Ere three days pass their souls will bring me gain.
'Twas then I saw he meant to sell our souls
To grizzly devils in that dark abode.
Wherefore I pray you, doth it not become
Our sleepy souls to waken from this dream?
Shall we to-night be free?

All. Ay! ay! we shall.

1*st Sen.* Then all away; I'll seem to still be true,
While ye concert the plans ye we would pursue.
Away! away! Columbus comes! away!

(Exuent seamen. Enter Columbus.)

Col. The line, updrawn an hour since, showed soil;
We near the coast, and ere the sun arise,
Golconda's shore will be before our prow.
Ho! watch, at mast-head, keep thine eye abreast—
What signs?

Watch. The night is dark.

1*st Sen.* One day is gone,
And yet the promised land is not in view.
I overheard to-night a murmuring
Among the seamen; still they speak of home.
Lo! here they come, they rise in mutiny—
Back to your wards! Columbus does not call.

1*st Seaman.* 'Tis true, Columbus calls not, still we come.
Though not to ask, but to demand our right;
Return with us, or we'll return with thee.

Col. Listen, companions, surely you forget
Your promise, made scarce thirty hours ago;
The gold, the fame, the honor, too, in store,
If we but reach Golconda's wealthy shore.
Watch, at the mast, what signs?

Watch. I see a light;
It burns upon a shore, and other lights shine free,
As village windows gleam, when far at sea.

Seaman. Return! return! it is the hell-bound shore.

Col. Watch, at the mast. what signs?

(Day breaks.)

Watch. I see a land
Of verdant, gentle hills, and woody vales,
And shining rivers, running to the main.

Col. Look, yonder comrades, India's scented groves.

(Enter two seamen dragging in Rabida.)

1*st Seaman.* This spirit stirred us up to mutiny;
We found him, yonder, hidden in the hold.

Col. If they, who minister, shall traitors turn,
May God have pity on this treacherous world!
These are the hands that blessed our cruise in Spain.
We'll offer no indignities to him—
But thou, Rabida, for thy falsehoods told,
Shalt die, and be forgotten by the world.
May God forgive thee of thy treachery—
Grey hairs with crimes are shameful things to see.

THE MAYFLOWER AND THE SLAVE SHIP.

Opposing Elements in the Great American Tempest, A. D. 1862—3—4.

PRIZE POEM AT FORT EDWARD INSTITUTE, N. Y., NOV. 30TH, 1862.

ARGUMENT I.—The departure of the Mayflower from England.

ARGUMENT II.—The anthem of the pilgrims is borne back to the shore.

ARGUMENT III.—The landing of the pilgrims.

ARGUMENT IV.—The departure of the slave ship from Africa.

ARGUMENT V.—The wail of the slaves borne back to the shore.

ARGUMENT VI.—The slaves land and the storm breweth. President Lincoln is the musician, who plays upon the national harp.

ARGUMENT VII.—The war comes and the tempest breaketh. Rebellion assumes a visible shape, and with his imps, his fiends and his furies, fights in connection with the traitors.

ARGUMENT VIII.—A prophetic view of the future.

I.

From an island in the ocean,
From a land of wealth and power,
Where the smiling sunshine lingered,
And the little rippling river
Murmured music to the willows;
From a land of lordly palace,
And dilapidated arches,
Famed in Anglo-Saxon story,
Old and overgrown with ivy,
Where the goblins hold their sessions;
From a bold and rocky margin,
Where the waves forever lashing,
Foam and dash in wild confusion;
When the summer was declining,
And the sun had wandered southward,
In the hazy Indian Summer,
From the cottage of the fisher,
From the hovel of the tenant,
Came a band of weary pilgrims,
Hunted, scorned for their religion.
Mournful came the strange procession,
Not a single word was uttered.
Side by side, black stol'd, black hooded,
In a little fishing vessel,
They were borne across the waters,
Borne across the restless ocean.
As the sun, that sinks in brightness
Down behind the western waters,
Casts long, ling'ring looks behind him,
So they cast their tearful glances
On the homes they left forever.
Darkness fell upon the waters,
And the night upon the ocean—

God was pilot in the darkness.
Wild the waves among the caverns
By the tempest lashed to fury,
Joining with the sub-bass thunder,
Swelled the chorus loud and louder,
Sang a doleful, dismal requiem
O'er the buried 'neath the ocean:

"Sleep! ye lone sleepers in caves darkly hidden,
Nought shall disturb you, while time onward rolls,
Rest! till, 'Arise, by the trump ye are bidden—
Peace to your ashes! and peace to your souls!"

II.

Morning broke upon the waters,
On the vessel, with its white sails,
Resting on the ocean's bosom.
Out upon the dreamy waters,
Drowsy with their morning slumbers,
Swelled the anthem of the pilgrims,
Wafted by the early zephyrs
To the island of the ocean;
Wafted to the silent fisher
As he stood beside the waters;
Swelling like the melting music
Of the conch, forever singing
To the sea its mellow moaning;
Faintly falling as the tolling
Of the bell that tolls at sunset.
Thus their hymn was wafted backward
In the early morning twilight,
In the stillness of the morning;
And the fishers listened, wondered,
Whence arose the mystic music.
There were none to solve the mystery;
So they told it to their children

In a strange and wild tradition,
That when once the sea was troubled,
And all night was lashed to fury,
In the dim and misty twilight
Music floated o'er the waters.
Some declared 'twas mermaids' voices;
Others that the angels sang it:

"Gloria Deo!
Te Deum laudamus!
Optime pater,
Nos, fili exclamus!
Spirite Sancte,
Te, nos adoramus!"

III.

On a cold and barren region,
Where the snow was piled and drifted,
And the winter winds were blowing;
Where the stealthy savage wandered
In and out the darksome forest;
Where the balsam and the fir-tree
Shone like spectres in the twilight;
Where the hungry wolf and panther
Prowled among the lonely mountains;
Where the ocean-spray was frozen;
There the sun forgot his splendor,
Cast his cold and distant glances
O'er a band of Pilgrim-exiles.
Blow, ye winds in your mighty madness!
Dash, ye waves of the chainless sea!
Laugh, ye sprites of the storm in gladness!
Laugh, in your fiendish glee!
But never again on thy shores will land
A cargo of worth as the pilgrim band.

IV.

From a land across the ocean,
Where the lion and the tiger
Prowled among the tangled jungles;
Where the scorching rays are falling
O'er a waste and barren desert;
Where the ground is parched and arid,
And the *man of dusky features*
Knows the sources of the Niger;
At the mystic hour of midnight,
From her moorings in the river,
Rode a vessel dim and dismal,
Freighted down with human beings,
Huddled in a heap together.
Out upon the ocean rode it
Many miles before the morning.

V.

Oh, how many hearts were aching!
Oh, what fearful hearts were quaking!
Oh, what sickened hearts were breaking!
Day-light drew the the midnight curtains,
And a voice of weeping, wailing,
Broke upon the startled morning.
Swift-winged dragons of the midnight,
Trooping home at early daylight,
Flapped their wings and fled affrighted.
And the sighing, weeping, wailing,
Borne upon the air was wafted
To the Bushboy by the river;
And the Bushman to his grand-sons
Used to tell a frightful story
Of the wailings from the Tartarus,
The he heard beside the waters

In the stillness of the morning.
But an ear attuned to justice,
Might have heard those wails, proclaiming,

"The sword of the smiter
Will leave thee, No! never;
The wand of the blighter
Will plague thee, forever;
With fever and wasting,
Earth's odors, and breath,
And poisonous vapors,
Will seek thy death."

VI.

And they landed, where the pilgrims
Landed in the dreary winter.
Passed the seasons wing'd with fleetness,
And the land became a garden,
And the people were a nation,
Or a *Harp* with *thirty-four* strings,
But the *Northern* strings were highest,
Sweetest, best, most cultivated,
And their tones were gold and silver,
But the bass were coarser metal,
Came there then a *new musician*,
Scarcely had he played upon it,
When the discord gathered louder,
And the strings of coarser texture,
Suddenly were snapped asunder,
And the *Harp*, that charmed the nations
With its grand, harmonious music,
Fell upon the earth and perished,
With this sad refrain upon it:

"The sighs and tears of the weeper
My fearful doom have sealed;
The hand of Death, the reaper,
Shall reap the battle-field."

VII.

Saw ye not that cloud approaching,
Ever growing thicker, darker,
Coming from the swamps and marshes,
From the poison fens and marshes
Of secession and rebellion.
Quivering spectres hot from Hades,
Quivering, grinning in the twilight,
Swarming millions in the darkness,
Glaring with their fiery eyeballs,
Swarmed upon each flowing river,
Perched upon each dome and steeple,
While a form, more grim and ghastly
With the name of fell rebellion,
Stalking over land and water—
Ever near him, round him, o'er him,
Hovered clamorous flocks of Harpies,
Known as human speculators—
Gathered nearly half the people
With his imps, and fiends, and furies,
Drew them up in form of battle,
Fought against the right and loyal.
Oh, the howlings, groanings, yellings,
Stopped the life-blood in its current!
While the fiends and ghouls and hybrids,
Rushing from the pit of darkness,
Fought beside the godless traitors.
Then the air grew thicker, denser,
With the wailings of the dying,
Till the stars drew back affrighted,
And the cloud still thicker, darker,
Gradually began to lower,
Falling like the dews of of heaven,
Falling on the dead and dying,

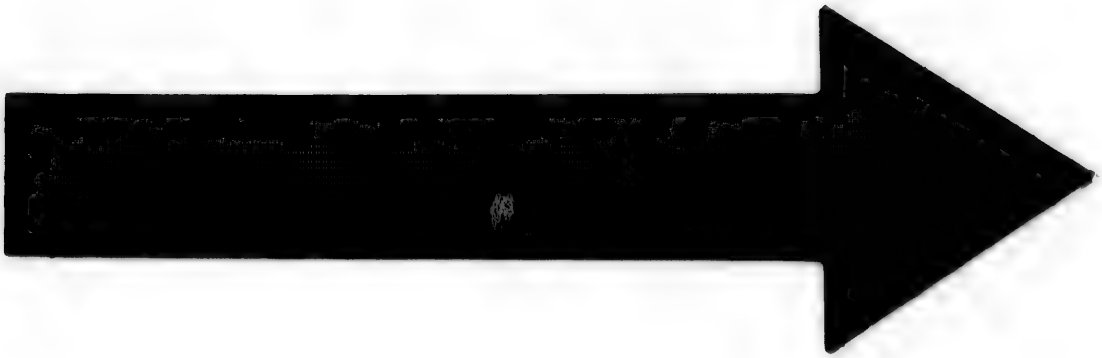
As if fain to hide the horrors
From the eyes of weeping angels,
Weeping o'er degenerate manhood.
Then a voice from out the darkness,
Louder than the wail and fury:

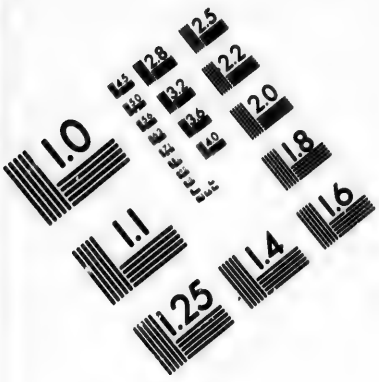
"The bones of the traitor shall bleach on the mountain,
The vulture and raven flap o'er the plain,
The blood of the traitor shall color the fountain,
The captive find freedom, the captor be slain."

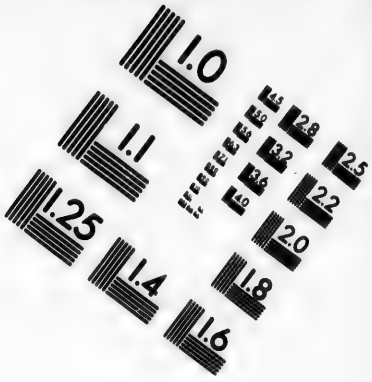
VIII.

From the long and gloomy midnight,
That had settled on the nation,
Daylight had at last awakened.
And the blessed sun, ascending,
Cast his sunshine o'er the mountain,
Over all the pleasant valley.
Cattle grazed upon the hill-side,
Valleys overflowed with plenty.
'Twas the morning of the Sabbath;
While the village bells were chiming,
Thus my inmost soul responded:

"The land of the pilgrims shall flourish forever,
Queen of the West, and pride of the sea;
While leaves clothe the forest, or foam's on the river,
VIVA L'AMERICA, LAND OF THE FREE!"







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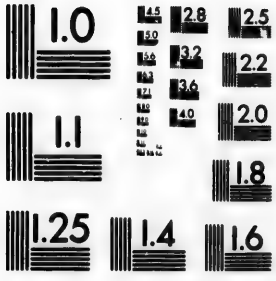

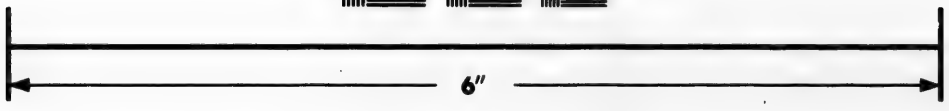

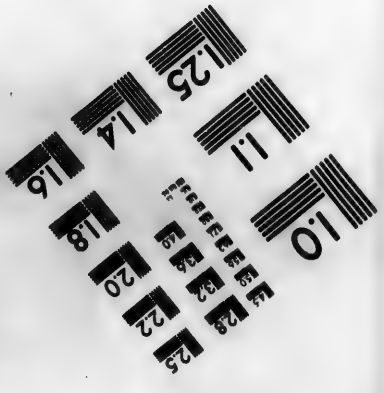

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INDIAN LEGENDS OF MANITOULIN.

ARGUMENT I.—Why I sing the songs of Canada, and love the old songs better than the new.

ARGUMENT II.—Manitoulin is an island in Lake Huron, held sacred by the Indians. Manitou (the Great Spirit) had placed on the island a sacred white deer, which the people were to protect, and in return, the Great Spirit gave them perpetual summer, and lowered the sky so the hand might almost touch it to show his nearness to them.

ARGUMENT III.—An enemy (Coro Nora) came by night to Manitoulin and killed the sacred deer, and was then, as his punishment, led by the Singing Sands into a desert, where he perished.

The big-sea-water (Lake Huron), feeling the insult offered to Manitou, lashed the shore in fury, and the lightnings played in the darkness.

Then Manitou spoke in the thunder to the people, telling them that henceforth they should have cold and snow, thorns and thistle, disease and death, and the beasts of the forest should fear them; but at the same time, he told them that, in order that their children might remember how happy their fathers once had been, he would give at the close of each summer the same (Indian Summer) mild suns that used to smile upon them.

And when the Indian Summer came, they should bring their fairest maidens, and the fairest of all (as being the purest offering they could make) should be placed in a white canoe, put upon the waters, and left to the direction and care of the Great Spirit

ARGUMENT IV.—Oranta's daughter, gentle Lena, is chosen.

Oranta, standing by the shore watching for her return, dies of grief; and Canadansis wanders over the world singing the SONG OF COMO CANADANSIS.

MANITOULIN.

Tell me not of newest fashions,
Newest songs, and books, and stories,
Newest theories in science,
Newest gems of thought, embodied,
Sparkling words of wit and wisdom,
That have scarcely cooled since utttered.
Let me hide from prying vision
In some old, neglected garret,
Filled with ancient books and stories,
Filled with manuscripts, whose writers
Long have passed and been forgotten.
Let me hear in fairy fables,
How were conquered mighty giants.
That I still may love to hear them,
Give me back the days of childhood,
Or at least the spell that bound me
In its many, magic mazes,
Bind again, for life is childhood,
We are children growing older.
Let me hear the tales, and stories,
Ballads, songs, and wild traditions,
And Canadian, Indian legends,
That are woven with our history.
Let me catch the inspiration
Of their songs of war and wooing,
Hear the history of a people,
Whose remembrances have vanished,
As the snow-drift from the mountain,
As the ice-bands from the river,
As the stars of early morning
Vanish in the light or heaven.
Let me hear how bold they battled,
How they hunted in the forest,

When they did as nature taught them.
Careless as of smile, of censure.
Deem it not an idle fancy,
Let it not appear a puzzle,
That the song, that first I sing you,
Is about my native country.
Gather shells beside the ocean,
Listen to the tales they tell you;
In their mimic ocean voices,
They will sing the sea forever.
Gather reeds and river-rushes;
When the gentle winds are blowing,
They will pipe you river-music.
Gather laurel from the mountain,
Fir and balsam from the forest;
When without the tempest howleth,
Listen to their mimic voices,
While they sing a mimic tempest.
If you cannot bribe the rushes,
Cannot bribe the shells of ocean,
Bribe the laurel of the mountain,
Bribe the flowers of the meadow,
Fir and balsam o[illegible]orest,
Neither can you b[illegible] the spirit
To forget its land and nation,
To forget the haunts of childhood;
In the spirit's penetralia,
Where the tones of childhood linger,
There are chambers, there are echoes,
That will ring them out forever.
Should you ask me where I heard it,
Heard this little simple story,
Heard this song of Canandasis,
I would answer, I would tell you,
That I heard it by the river,

In the forest, on the mountain,
Heard it, when the night-winds waken.
Heard it in the ocean's murmur,
Heard it by the big-sea-water,
Heard it at the hour of even,
At the solemn, silent midnight,
Heard it from a thousand voices
In the thunders of Niagara.
Should you ask me, where it happened,
This would be my only answer,
"At the home of Canadansis."
Should you ask me, how it happened,
I would answer, "read his story."

Song of Como Canadansis.

Lights of many suns and summers
On the wings of time have faded
Since the hunter of the mountain,
And the hunter of the valley,
Lived in peace and feared no evil,
When the beaver and the otter
Built their homes beside the river,
Lived and played among the waters;
When the deer in herds around us,
White gazelles, that left the mountains,
Chose our children for their playmates;
When the year was always summer,
And the chilly winds of winter
Had not yet been breathed upon us,
And the full-orb'd moon, ascending
Ere the light of day had faded,
Joined the twilight on so closely
That the eye could scarce discover
When the Day gave up his scepter

To the God of Sleep and Darkness,
To the bat and solemn owlet.
And the gentle zephyrs, blowing
O'er the mighty big sea-water,
Wafted songs of silver sweetness,
Wafted tones and spirit voices
From the land no mortal knoweth.
And the sky was hanging downward,
That the hand might almost touch it.
On the sacred Manitoulin,
Island in the big sea-water,
Manitou, the mighty spirit,
Placed a white deer, sacra cerva,
erva, white as foam of ocean,
When the tempest winds are raging.
Years rolled on, and still it lingered,
Gamboled in its home of flowers.
CORA NORA from the south-land,
From a nation that we hated,
Came by night to Manitoulin,
Island in the big-sea-water,
Killed the white deer, sacra cerva,
Then departed for the mountains.
All at once the big-sea-water
Boiled and foamed and dashed its fury.
Manitou Great Spirit heard it,
Came across the big-sea-water,
Came and set the sky on fire
With the winged, forked lightnings.
Then the night grew dark and dismal,
And a voice from out the darkness
Spake as loud as loudest thunder,
When it roars among the mountains:
"Wicked people, I have kept you
"Many thousand years in pleasure;

"All I asked that you would render
"Was, that white deer, sacra cerva,
"Should be free to roam the meadows,
"And should dwell among the flowers;
"But my wishes were not heeded.
"Therefore I will smile no longer,
"I will frown, and clouds shall gather
"Over all the face of nature,
"And the balmy winds of summer
"Shall be changed to dreary winter"—
For till then the winds of winter
Had not blown on Manitoulin—
"That your children may remember,
"That their fathers once were happy,
"That the land was once a garden,
"As it might have bloomed forever,
"When the summer is declining,
"Mellow light shall come at even;
"I will give you Indian Summer,
"Such as used to smile upon you.
"When the Indian Summer cometh,
"Pleasant scented myrrh and cedar
"From the forest and the mountain
"Ye shall gather, burn before me,
"Ye shall bring your fairest maidens,
"And the fairest of the number
"Ye shall place upon the water,
"Place upon the big-sea-water,
"In a white canoe shall place her;
"I will guide it, I will take her
"To the land of happy spirits,
"To the blooming fields Elysian."
Then the mighty big-sea-water
Ceased to roll and stilled its thunder,

And the day began to brighten,
But, alas! the winds of winter
Cold and cruelly were blowing,
And the sky had risen higher,
And the deer, and birds, and beaver,
Sought the forests when they saw.
Manitou had made them fear us,
And he planted thorns and thistles,
Planted gourds and bitter apples,
Poison melons by the river,
Sent the hungry wolf and panther,
Sent disease and death among us.
Coro Nora, hated stranger,
That had killed the sacred white deer,
Sought the mountain and the wild-wood,
Hungered, thirsted in the forest,
Wandered up and down the forest
Many miles from Manitoulin,
For the sound of rushing waters—
Welcome sound to thirsty traveler—
Lured him far and called him farther,
Till at length an open desert
Spread itself away before him,
Spread itself behind, beside him.
Far he wandered, weak and weary,
In a land by goblins haunted,
In a desert land enchanted,
Over rocks, and reeds, and rushes,
Tangled thorns and brier-bushes.
Not a single breeze a-blowing,
Not a single blossom growing,
Not a single river flowing,
But a noon-tide heat a-glowing
From a sun in anger shining,

Burns into the brain a fever,
Burns into the veins a madness.
All the ground is parched and arid,
And the thirsty one is cheated
By the sound of many waters,
For this desert land, enchanted,
By the singing sands is haunted,
And the singing sands can mimic
Anything the heart desires.
If you're famishing for water,
They will sing it; if you follow,
Straightway they will sing of waters
In a different direction.
If the noon-tide heat oppress you,
And you fain would feel the breezes
Sweetly fan your fevered temples,
Quick as thought you hear a murmur
As of gentle zephyrs blowing;
Follow thither, and it changes—
'Tis the singing sands that mock you
With their tones of empty meaning.
Do you hunger, berry-bushes,
Covered thick with luscious berries,
At the way-side seem to flourish;
If you turn aside to pluck them,
They will vanish as a shadow,
Or appear a little onward;
Follow thither, they retire—
'Tis the singing sands that mock you.
Thus the hunger-famished pilgrim,
Never guessing of deception,
Follows the enchanted berries,
Till the gloom of night surrounds him,
Grasping after golden apples,
That are very fair to look at,

But when taken in the fingers
Vanish into smoke and ashes.
Thus the hated CORO NORA
Wandered up and down the desert,
Marked and bruised in hidden pit-falls,
Till at last his strength forsook him,
And his spirit too forsook him;
But the Singing Sands were present,
Lured his spirit to the regions
Of perpetual gloom and sorrow.
On the mighty big-sea-water,
On the Manitoulin island,
Lived Oranta, mighty hunter.
Laughed and never thought of sorrow.
Everybody loved his daughter,
Daughter of the great Oranta,
Lena, fairer than the flowers
That she used to train in summer.
Great Oranta danced the war-dance,
Made a feast to all his people;
'Twas time of Lena's birth-day.
I had seen the gentle Lena,
Saw her at her father's wig-wam,
Where I won the heart of Lena,
And Oranta smiled upon us,
For he knew we loved each other.
Day by day we roamed the meadows,
Told our plans of future fortune,
Told our love nor blushed to tell it.
Oh! how sad the summer ended,
For my darling one was chosen
As the fairest of the maidens.
All our hearts were full of sorrow,
But the white canoe was painted,

And our Lena placed within it,
And our last farewells were spoken—
Oh, the anguish of that parting!
Out upon the big sea-water
Rode the white canoe and maiden;
Not a paddle moved about it,
Scarcely did it kiss the waters,
To the right hand never turned it,
To the left hand never turned it,
But it swiftly hurried outward,
To the sunny southland rode it,
Till away upon the waters,
As a speck upon the ocean,
In the mighty distance seemed it.
Manitou was watching for it;
Every eye that gazed upon it,
Turned away to dry its weeping.
Then Oranta's eye grew heavy,
And he led no more the battle,
But he stood beside the waters,
Gazed away across the waters,
As if looking in a vision,
Watching for our angel Lena.
Ere the Indian Summer faded,
Great Oranta had departed
To the land of happy spirits.
Many days and nights I waited,
Many weary years I waited,
But the white canoe and maiden
Came no more to bless my vision,
Never came across the waters,
Back across the big-sea-water
From the land where spirits linger,
To the sacred Manitoulin,

To the heart of Canadansis.

* * * * * * *

You have heard it, you have read it,
Read this strange and wild tradition;
Judge it at your heart's dictation,
Not with cold and cruel censure.
As my father used to tell it,
As his father's father told it,
I have told of Manitoulin,
Told this ancient Indian legend,
Told of Como Canadansis.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

ARGUMENT I.—When the light of a magic lantern is turned upon a picture, the reflection is thrown upon the wall; so, when the light of memory is thrown upon the events of years gone by, the reflection is cast upon the heart with all the vividness of yesterday.

ARGUMENT II.—The operations of nature are represented as music of a more exalted kind; the winds, seas, thunder, etc., forming a choir of which God is the tuner and leader War, bloodshed, and the sound of battle, are represented as the offspring of demons.

ARGUMENT III.—Various pictures painted on the spirit-walls by the pencil of the mind, closing with an incident of the war of 1812.

In the spirit's penetralia,
Where the tones of memory linger,
There are chambers, there are echoes,
That are ringing out forever
Voices from the spirit-chambers.

When the day is dark and dismal,
And the rain, in petty anger,
Dashes up against the window,
Playing melancholy music,
All alone I sit and listen
To the tales that mem'ry telleth,
To the happy tones of childhood,
And the pleasures they recorded.
Watch the pictures that are painted

On the canvass of the mem'ry,
In the chambers of the spirit.
There are pictured scenes of sadness,
That I fain would have forgotten;
There are visions, too, of brightness,
And I half forget my sorrow
Chasing after phantom pleasures.

All alone to-night I'm sitting,
Watching shadows that are passing
To and fro upon the canvass
In my spirit's penetralia.

O, the music of the snow-storm
In the cold and dreary winter,
When the snow is piled and drifted
Up against the lonely hovel,
In the arches of the palace,
And upon the lonely mountain,
Where the tempest winds are rushing,
Where the avalanche is crushing
Rocks and trees and all before it.

O, the singing, sighing whispers,
And the melancholy music
Of the gently waving pine-trees;
And the soft, subduing, moaning
Murmurs of the wakened night-winds,
Sighing round the eaves and angles
Of an old, decaying mansion—
Mournful as the lapping wavelets'
Hollow, muffled tones of sadness
On the shores of Old Averni.

O, the whistling and the shrieking,
Like ten thousand demon discords,

Tuning their discordant voices
For a concert or rehearsal,
And the cracking and the creaking
Of the old and sturdy forest,
When assailed by storm and tempest.

O, the rushing and the brushing,
And the clashing and the crashing
Of the mighty wild tornado,
As it roars upon the mountain;
Rushing like a frightened river
In its furious, mad confusion;
Then its calming, sinking, dying,
Like the wakened notes Æolian,
That reverberate in snatches
To the fingers of the zephyrs,
With a dashing and a flashing,
And a soothing stillness passeth
To the mounful echoes, dwelling
In the caverns of the mountain.

O, the fury of the whirlwind,
And the howling of the Storm-God,
And the roaring of the forest,
Like the distant rolling ocean
When its waves are fury-driven.

Oh, the rising and the felling,
And the roaring and the swelling,
And the rumbling and the grumbling
Of the distant coming thunder,
When the cattle on the mountains
Leave the hills and seek the valleys,
And the sea-gull and the osprey
Fly about with glee and clamor
O'er the roaring, snoring, pouring,

Lashing, clashing, splashing, dashing
Ocean-waves among the breakers—
Breaking, foaming, swelling, telling,
On the wild and rocky margin,
Where they foam and dash forever
In the free and chainless ocean.
This is MUSIC, not confusion;
This is Nature's *song* and *choir*,
Whose great tuner and great leader
Is the mighty KING OF NATURE.

O, the music of a desert,
Where the hollow winds are blowing
O'er the burning sandy desert,
O'er the waste and barren desert,
Where the bleaching bones of thousands
Heaped upon the sands are lying,
Where the fearful simoon met them—
Quickly rising in the distance,
Swifter than the wings of morning,
When they chase the midnight darkness,
Came the samiel, charged with odors,
Poisoned from the swamps of Egypt,
Sounding loud discordant music,
Tones that thrill, but not with rapture;
Sadder than the leaden echo;
Hoarser than the fabled raven's
Welcome to the weary pilgrim
At the gloomy gates Inferni;
Sounding fable demon-music,
Whose innumerable horrors
Curdled human blood to hear it.

O, the music of the battle,
The excitement and confusion,

And the champing of the bridles
Of the wild and eager horses,
Eager, wild to join the battle.
And the rushing of the chariots,
And the twanging of the trumpets,
And the booming of the cannon
With its pealing, pealing, pealing,
While the life-blood slowly ebbeth,
And the life-pulse ceaseth beating.

O! the horrors of a battle,
In the howling, fury, wailing
Of the conquering, wounded, dying.
And the cursings, groanings, pleadings
To the pale and ghastly rider.
Onward rolls the surge infuriate,
Onward rolls the tide of battle,
Like the flames among the branches,
Like ten thousand furious demons
Desperate with their lost condition,
Join with mad unwonted courage
In the carnage and the slaughter.

O! the horrors after battle,
On the bloody field of battle,
When the fiery struggle's over,
Struggles for the right and loyal,
Where a brother's blood is flowing,
By a brother's hand is flowing;
When the sun goes down in mourning,
And the wailing of the dying
Calls the vulture, wolf, and raven,
Yellow-footed bird, and buzzard,
Where the murdered banquet's freshest.
None to press the burning temple,

And the last farewell, unanswered,
Dies away upon the night-winds.

* * * *

O! what bitter tears are flowing
For a father, son, or brother!
Through the mist the sunlight peereth
O'er their pale and ghastly features,
Lying on the field of battle.
Still the little river ripples
Through the vale and round the mountain—
Is it wine the gods are mixing,
Mingling with the flowing water?
Look ye on it! drink ye of it!
Wherefore hath it grown so sluggish?
Wherefore doth the grey-wolf lap it?
Ask the thirsty fiend of battle,
Ask the battle ercely raging
Up among the mountain ledges.

One day more has gone to heaven,
Gone to render up its record.
And the silent moon ascending
O'er the vale so late a garden,
Saw the change a day had meted,
Drew a cloudy veil to hide it.

Come with me among the victims—
See that lantern dimly burning.
Carried by a mourning comrade,
Looking o'er the ghastly bodies
For the playmate of his childhood,
Lo! he finds him, wounded, dying;
Hear the parting admonition;
"Tell my schoolmates, when you greet them,
"That I never more shall meet them,

"Point them back to when we pondered
"Over Greek and Roman glory.
"How our hearts grew warm within us,
"As we read the glowing story!
"Tell them fame is but a shadow,
"Earthly glories, empty bubbles,
"That will perish in the grasping.
"Tell my father, when you greet him,
"That I died to save my country.
"Tell my mother, God is wisest,
"And the gentle winds of Autumn
"Gather only leaflets useless.
"How I loved her winning teachings!
"How I kept her blessed counsel!
"How I thought upon her weeping!
"Tell her not to mourn or worry,
"For her son was true and loyal,
"And he died to save his country.
"There's the heart of yet another,
"Where I would not be forgotten.
"You will know her by her kindness,
"By the sweetness of her temper,
"By the ring upon her finger.
"Tell her that I'd fain have lingered
"With her here a little longer,
"But I've only gone before her
"To *our* island-home, Avillion,
"O'er the swelling tide of Jordan,
"Where I hope with joy to greet her,
"When the day of life is ended.
"Give me now your hand, my comrade,
"For the river groweth deeper,
"And the waves are rising round me"—
But the hand was chill and icy,

For the spirit had departed,
And from eyes unused to weeping,
Fell the bitter tears unheeded.
Thus the soldier of the legion
Died upon the field of Blenheim.
Have you lost a friend among them?
Go, ye idle, curs'd complainers,
Who complain at home of trouble,
Think upon the soldier's sorrow,
Wounded, bleeding for his country,
Dying of a burning fever,
Lying on a bed of rushes,
Begging for a drink of water.
Cast a thought, and kindly pity
Weary, weak, and wakeful pickets,
As they tread their rounds in silence,
Guarding you from foul oppression,
Keeping you a home of pleasure,
If thy coward heart will let thee,
Then refuse him aid and shelter.

* * * * *

So the pictures have departed,
Vanished from my spirit-canvass
As my hopes of life are fleeing,
As my life itself is fleeing,
As a dream-companion passeth,
As the painted rainbow fadeth,
So, the mem'ries hurry backward
To my spirit's penetralia.

THE SCARLET KNIGHT.

A Scarlet Knight with a queer foreign name
On the skirts of a wood to a sea-castle came.

Full two hundred fathoms, high over the flood,
On a wild, rocky margin the old castle stood.

At the foot of the crags white sea-eagles fed,
White waves tossed their armes to the cliff overhead.

And sea-birds built nests, and carried food
To nourish their screaming, half-famishing brood.

The lord of the castle was gouty and grey,
Yet warmly entreated the stranger to stay

A month and a day, and join in the mirth
And festival song, round the old castle hearth.

For the lady, his daughter, the fair Inafold,
Was then to be bride to a Baron bold.

And the lady smiled sweetly, as softly she spake,
"Sir Knight, prythee, tarry for *my* (father's) sake."

For the knight knelt so fondly to kiss her fair hand,
She thought there were none more *bold* in the land.

He saw the dark forest and fast closing day,
So without much entreating consented to stay.

Said the knight to himself, as he lay in his bed,
"Dreams, dreamed in a castle, come true it is said."

"I'll dream that a *baron* is drowned in the deep,
If my *waking hopes* color the dreams of my sleep."

Sleep stole o'er his eyes, and there came up a flight
Of bright, happy dreams from the caves of the night.

He dreamed that he roamed with an angel, unseen.
Through a sunnier clime o'er an island green.

The zephyrs that blew were hot nor cold,
And the form at his side was Inafold.

He awoke from his sleep, but 'twas all in vain
That he *tried to dream it* each night again.

These golden-hued hours, too bright to delay,
Took the wings of their love and hastened away.

They roamed through the gardens and down to the shore,
At the foot of the cliff, where the white breakers roar.

He gathered bright shells, where the sea-surges beat,
And laid them down at her fairy feet,

With the gems he had gathered 'neath sunnier skies,
And diamonds that sparkled as bright as her eyes.

He told her of sieges in countries afar,
Of hair-breadth escapes from robbers and war.

He sung her of knights, and warriors bold,
She wept, while she listened—sweet Inafold.

Thus fondly he lingered, and lengthened his stay,
Till the time had sped onward, a month a day.

The ivy was green on the old oaken walls,
The mistle-toe hung in the old castle halls.

The baron had come—he was ugly and old—
To claim, as his bride, the fair Inafold.

He frowned on the knight, for he saw that the eye
Of his lady grew bright, when the stranger was by.

And his hand grasped the broadsword, that hung at his side,
If the Scarlet Knight smiled on the fair future bride.

Then the brow of the knight grew darker than jet,
And he hied to the rock, where they often had met,

And vowed a great vow on the sword at his side,
That the baron should die ere he claimed her his bride.

He sat on the cliff, and watched the throe
Of the sea, a thousand feet below.

For the sun was descending, as red as blood,
And boiling and seething the frightened flood.

The night grew more dismal and fiercer the storm;
There came to the cliff a close-muffled form.

"Who goes?" cried the knight; there came no reply,
But the thunders that leaped from the folds of the sky.

The figure came on, and the knight drew his blade—
'Twas the form of the baron that stalked in the shade.

"I'm baron of Wittol and Warbec, he cried,
"And *barren* of wit too," the red knight replied.

"Sir Knight," said the baron, "when midnight shall come,
I'll wed the fair lady in yon castle home."

"I've sacks of bright metal, uncounted, untold,
I'll give thee it all—my silver and gold."

"And houses, and lands, and forests of Ferne,
To leave the old castle and never return."

"With thy gold," cried the knight, "buy a mass for thy rest,"
And the sword of the knight pierced the baron's breast.

And shriek—for instead of the baron old,
A lightning flash showed, it was Inafold.

He tenderly lifted her slender form,
And sheltered her head from the rushing storm.

"It was only to test your love," she said;
She closed her eyes, and the lady was dead.

He kissed her pale lips, and called her his own,
But her lips were as cold as the mountain stone.

Then snatching her wildly up to his breast,
One long, last kiss to her lips he pressed,

And leaped with her thus to the tide below,
Where the white waves dash, when the tempests blow.

Vainly they sought for them, night and day
The Scarlet Knight and the lady gay.

Vainly the lord of the castle old
Wept for his daughter, Inafold.

Vainly they sought over hill and dale
For the Scarlet Knight and his coat of mail.

Vainly the baron his sorrows told,
Mourned for his bride, and counted his gold.

The castle was left, deserted and lone,
Half-covered with ivy that grew from the stone.

The fauns sought it out, as a place to play,
And the bats, as a hiding-place by day.

The baron and lord sought every shore,
Imploring each country their lost to restore.

And the children would laugh, as two grey-haired men,
Enquired if ever that way had been,

Since they could remember; or had they been told,
An angel had been there, named Inafold.

The baron and lord have found them graves,
Where the mermaids dwell in the old sea-caves.

When the Storm-King has harnessed the winds to his car,
And rides o'er the ocean and land afar,

Through the halls of the castle the wild winds prance,
The owlets hoot and the satyrs dance,

And the knight is seen with his angel bride
To leap from the cliff to the boiling tide,

And bear her away o'er the waters wide
To a home, where the spirits of men reside.

Where the air is balm, neither hot nor cold,
Dwells the Scarlet Knight with his Inafold.

DEATH'S REUNION.

"And when the moon was up, two forms were found, clasped as in a last embrace; they were from opposite sides of the army, and were brothers."

Ten thousand men reclining
Beside a grassy rill;
Ten thousand men advancing
Behind a hiding hill;
Ten thousand soldiers resting
Without a fear of foe;
Ten thousand soldiers marching
With footsteps firm and slow;
Ten thousand Southern traitors
Draw up in battle form;
Ten thousand Northern freemen
Rush like the driv n storm.

Among the Northern legion
Their youthful captain moved,
Proud in his noble bearing,
By all the legion loved.
He gazed upon his comrades,
Who shared his friendship warm;
And there was death-like silence,
As tells the threatened storm.

"Brave warriors," said the leader—
His voice was firm and bold—
"Ten thousand Southern traitors
"Are in yon strengthened hold.

"To-day our country's honor
"Must be maintained or fall;
"To-day she calls for champions—
"Who'll answer to her call?
"And by that flag above us,
"And God, whom we adore,
"Will swear their country's honor
"Shall call in vain no more?
"To-day is placed before you
"An unforgotten name,
"A life, or death of glory,
"Or life, or death of shame.

"They're traitors to their country,
"And seek with impious hands
"To rend our nation's banner,
"And wave o'er loyal lands
"That *bastard rag*, secession
"Has placed upon those mounds.
"Who'll bring it as a trophy
"Shall have a thousand pounds."
Up rose ten thousand voices,
"Ellsworth! Revenge!" they cry;
"We'll conquer with our leader,
"Or with our leader die!"

* * * * * *

The field was filled with dying,
And Death was gorged with slain,
For kindred blood was mingling
Upon that bloody plain.

Firm moved the young commander
Amid the cannon's roar,
Firm as the rocks, unshaken,
Upon the surf-beat shore.
When cheering on his comrades,
He rushed from place to place,
He met the Southern leader
In conflict, face to face.

They gazed upon each other,
As tigers on their prey—
Oh, Heaven forget the horrors
Of that eventful day!
Their swords were clashed together;
The very air stood still;
They fought like maddened furies,
Each with an equal skill.
Each had the same fair forehead,
And form, and mild blue eye;
Each seemed each other's mirror,
And both too brave to die.

Their blades were laced together
With thrice their wonted heart,
Until the southern leader
Fell at the northron's feet.
The smitten soldier, dying,
Breathed but his mother's name;
The victor wildly started—
His mother's was the same.
Filerio, his brother,
Had wandered long before,
A wayward child, a stranger,
Upon the southern shore.

They gazed upon each other,
Their look was long and deep;

And hot tears chased each other
From eyes unused to weep.
Each saw a mother's features,
Each knew each other's face,
And speechless pressed each other
In a fond and long embrace.
The battle closed around them,
And many braves were slain,
The maw of death was glutted,
And night besieged the plain.

Oh! when will heaven-born freedom
The boon of peace restore?
And when will nations practice
The arts of war no more?
How long, O Lord of Sabbaoth
Shall hell-born dews distill,
And war provoke a brother
A brother's blood to spill?
The moon looked down in sadness,
Where raged the thickest fight,
And oe'r the ghastly corpses,
Cast a pale and sickly light.
This way! Thou war fomenter!
And gaze upon the dead,
And see the crimes that heaven
Will visit on thy head—
Two forms were bound together,
Two swords were interlaced,
Two hearts in life, divided;
Two forms in death, embraced.

THE LOST BRIDE.

He was of fair favor, and gentle mien. And when the ship was to come in, which was to bear to his arms her whom he had loved in childhood, he went to the shore and watched.

But just as the ship came in sight, a storm came up, the ship was driven on the rocks and all on board perished. As the storm raged, still he watched; and, when the morning was come, his lifeless form was found at the mouth of a cave, half covered by the waves and the sand.

When a storm comes o'er the sea, a lone spirit comes to the shore and, peering away into the darkness, exclaims, "Woe to the ships—the ships of the sea!"—*Old Sea-Legend*

Down to the beach came a stranger at even,
A fair-favored youth with golden-hued hair,
That fell in smooth ringlets, and to him was given
A brow, fair as woman's when woman's is fair;
Watch-worn and weary; the sea-breezes blowing,
Played 'round his temples with fever-heat glowing.
Sang of the land where the cypress is growing,
Banca, his own native land of the sea.

"Pause," said the youth," "ye lone, wild, wing'd winds, flying
Winds from the far-off and thought-haunted shore,
Winds from the land where my fathers are lying,
Land save in dreams I shall visit no more.
Whom did ye meet in the myrrh-scented bowers?
Where in my childhood I spent the sweet hours—

What do ye bring from the home of bright flowers?
Fairest that bloom on the isles of the sea."

"Winds, did ye kiss a dear maiden at even?
Bright as the lily and sweet as the rose,
Coral-red lips, her eyes limned by heaven,
And bosom more fair, more pure than yon snows,
That loom up to heaven a mountain oblation."
So spake the youth in his fond admiration,
And the swift winds answered back his oration,
Sang to the golden sands' dance with the sea:

"When we had strayed through the banyan bowers;
When we had played with the leaves of the trees;
When we had kissed up the dew from the flowers;
When we had lapped up the mists of the seas;
Onward we came this message to bring you,
Over the ocean this sweet song to sing you,
In a wing'd ship we wafted Miningyu
The maiden, this morning, just out on the sea."

Long gazed the youth, o'er the wide ocean peering,
Love in his look and hope in his eye,
Fearing to fear, when a vessel came steering,
Out where the waves lap the shores of the sky.
Wildly he watched, his eye fiercely flashing,
For the winds gathered the ocean waves lashing,
And the white breakers went foaming and dashing,
Rousing the slumbering sprites of the sea.

Darkness came up from the caves of the ocean,
Waves flapped the cliff as night-birds the air;
Out on the wet rocks, for evening devotion,
Mermaids crept, weeping and combing their hair.
Still brewed the tempest the Storm-King was framing,
Still peered the youth in the darkness, exclaiming,
"The jewel thou bringest, the ruby is shaming.
Ship of the lonely isles of the sea."

"Tell me, ye winds, by the tempest fiend driven,
What have ye done with the ship of the holme?
Tell me, Charybdis-breakers, rock-riven,
Whose are the bodies ye champ in the gloom?
Back to your caves, ye wild ghouls of the ocean!
Cease, ye rough billows, your billowy motion!
Pour! thou god Neptune, some sleep-soothing potion
Into the maw of thy gulf-gaping sea."

So said the youth, but the angry waves, tossing
Ten times more terribly, beat on the shore,
And the dark storm-fiend hurled lightnings, fork'd, crossing,
Laughed o'er his sport and the thunder's deep roar:
"Out in the gloom, while the sea-gulls were crying
O'er a lone wreck, while life-hopes were dying,
And white breakers, stalking like thin ghosts, were hieing
Around me, the Storm-King, the King of the Sea."

"Gnomes! how I laughed, though hearts were fear-quaking,
And masts snapped like reeds in the chill autumn breath;
Gnomes! what sad tears, while young hearts went breaking
Down to that desolate wave-dell of death.
Last on the deck fair Miningyu stood, weeping,
While the wild waves round the vessel were heaping;
Down in a bower of fair coral she's sleeping—
I sang her a lullaby under the sea."

Sea-eagles screamed; but the youth staid, still standing,
Watched for the ship from the mouth of a cave;
While the thin ghosts and storm-ghouls, disbanding,
Rode to their home on the crest of a wave.
Night passed away, and the morning star shining,
Cast his pale beam o'er a cold corpse reclining,
And the sad waves had, the sand undermining,
Half covered Menelle in his grave by the sea.

When the winds blow, and the sun sets in sadness;
  When the waves rise and the white breakers roar;
When the Eumenides laugh in their madness,
  Comes a lone spirit and stands on the shore.
And, while the heavens with lightnings are flaming,
Raiseth his arms, of the ocean complaining,
Peereth away in the darkness, exclaiming,
  "Woe to the ships—the ships of the sea!"

DEAD SEA APPLES.

Where repose the ancient cities,
Sin-cursed Sodom and Gomorrah;
Where the sluggish Dead Sea waters
Mock the lips of thirsty pilgrims;
Where the wild cucumber groweth,
And the poison gourds and melons
Mock the hungry pilgrim's palate,
Grow the famous Dead Sea apples.
Shining sweetly in the sunlight,
There are hanging Dead Sea apples,
That are very fair to look at,
But, when taken in the fingers,
Melt away to smoke and ashes.
Have you ever seen these apples?
Have you tasted, to your sorrow,
Disappointment and deception?
Have you hoarded gold and silver?
When thy life is slowly ebbing,
Hug thy money-bags, O miser,
They will prove thy SODOM APPLES.
When thy weary nights are ended,
Poet of the gloomy spirit;
When thy visions have departed,
Poet of the soaring pinion,
Grasp the bubbles—as they vanish

They will prove *thy* SODOM APPLES.
He who lives for earthly glory,
Be it wealth, or fame, or power,
Will discover, when he tasteth,
Nothing more than smoke and ashes.

O'er Arabia's sandy desert,
Many weary leagues I traveled,
With a silent son of Ishmael
As my traveling companion.
At the foot of rocky mountains,
Running southward from Ararat,
Where the ark of Noah rested,
To the land of dates and olives,
Where the little town of Sana
Overlooks Arabia Felix,
We had halted till the morrow.
Long before the rest were moving,
I arose upon the morrow,
And the nearest peak ascended—
'Twas as if I were transported
To the blooming fields Elysian,
For the scene was, past description,
Beautiful, sublime, enchanting.
Presently the sun ascended,
Like a conqueror rejoicing
In his philanthropic mission
Of enlightening creation.
Out before me spread the valley
Of Arabia the happy.
Here and there were camels grazing,
Vine-clad hills, and groves and spices,
Birds of Paradise were flying
In the sunlight far beneath me,
Fain would I have staid forever

In that soul-enraptured vision,
But the sun was now arisen,
So I turned to hurry downward.
I was standing on a platform,
Standing o'er a frightful abyss;
At one side an urn was standing,
Half filled up with mould and ashes.
Wondering much what brought it hither,
I examined it more closely,
When to make my wonder greater,
I discovered graven on it,
This *Arabic* rude *inscription*:

"TADMOOR'S ASHES.
GOOD FRIEND, FOR ALLAH'S SAKE! STOP, AND SIGH OVER THE ASHES OF ONE, WHOSE HAND HAS PLUCKED, AND WHOSE SOUL HAS TASTED THE APPLES OF SODOM."

Scarcely had I read it over,
When I saw an aged pilgrim,
Leaning on a staff approaching.
Thrice he gazed into the abyss,
Thrice he gazed upon the ashes,
Then, without a word or murmur,
Turned to go away in silence;
But I placed myself before him,
And repeated the inscription:

"GOOD FRIEND, FOR ALLAH'S SAKE! STOP, AND TELL ME THE HISTORY OF ONE, WHOSE HAND HAS PLUCKED, AND WHOSE SOUL HAS TASTED THE APPLES OF SODOM."

Then his eyes, like coals of fire,
Seemed to burn their very sockets,
And his long, thin hair went floating,
White as snow, when freshly driven,
On the breezes of the morning,
And the voice was like the whistle

Of the winds among the rushes,
As he told the TALE OF HASSAN:

"Hassan loved the gentle Hassie,
"Hassie loved the noble Hassan,
"Tadmoor sought the love of Hassie
"But she had no love for Tadmoor,
"Tadmoor swore a dreadful vengeance.
"When the night was dark and stormy,
"As a traveler was passing,
"He was murdered, and his mantle
"Laid beside the door of Hassan.
"In the morn the chiefs assembled;
"Noble Hassan was beheaded.
"It was Tadmoor slew the stranger.
"Then the evil Tadmoor hurried
"To a witch who dealt with spirits,
"Bought a spell of magic power,
"Came and spoke of love to Hassie.
"Then a hundred youths and maidens
"Were invited to the marriage.
"'Twas within an hour of marriage;
"Tadmoor with a dozen comrades,
"Hassie with a dozen maidens,
"Climbed upon yon peak beyond us,
"There to view the moon arising.
"All at once the bride was missing;
"From yon peak they saw her, standing
"O'er this fearful abyss leaning,
"At her side an angel talking—
"'Twas the soul of murdered Hassan.
"Then he told her of a country,
"Where no sorrow ever cometh,
"That 'twas Tadmoor had betrayed him;
"Then his spirit, like a whisper,

" Vanished, and the gentle Hassie,
" Crying 'to thy arms, O Hassan,'
" Leaped into the fearful abyss.
" 'Leven maids that came with Hassie,
" And the youths that came with Tadmoor,
" Hurried back to tell the story.
" Tadmoor wandered o'er the mountain,
" Till his hair grew white with sorrow,
" And his nails like claws of eagles;
" Then the demons of the mountain
" Scourged him with a whip of vipers.
" Till his wailings, wild and woeful,
" Rang among the mountain echoes.
" And the people, when they heard it,
" Thought it was the wail of devils,
" And they learned to shun the mountain.
" Tadmoor, driven by the demons,
" Leaped adown the fatal abyss.
" When the mountain-bats had feasted.
" Picked his bones, and ate his vitals,
" Demons gathered up his carcass,
" Burned it, gathered up his ashes,
" Placed them in that urn to whiten.
" Then the soul of evil Tadmoor
" Was decreed to come each morning,
" Three times peer into the abyss,
" Three times look upon the ashes.
" Till a mortal should enquire
" What you asked, and I have answered.
" This, O mortal, is the history
" Of the one, whose soul has tasted
" *Sodom Apples*—I AM TADMOOR."

Then I turned to see the ashes,
But the urn had vanished with them,

And the spirit, too, had vanished.
As I turned to leave the mountain,
As I turned to seek the valley,
I was sore perplexed and troubled
For my mind could not discover
Whether I had seen a spirit,
Or the Genii of the mountain
Had presented me a vision.
But I drew this lesson from it:
That a life of honest purpose—
Though our deeds be not historic,
And our names be never mentioned
Farther than our family circle—
Is a worthier employment
Than pursuing SODOM APPLES.

A SHORT STORY.

PART I.

They met at a party;
He simpered, she sighed,
He talked pretty nothings,
She nothings replied.

He met her at concerts,
Balls, operas, plays,
He sent her love-billets
In charming boquets.

She never did work—
Good breeding forbids.
He go to a work-shop?
What! soil his white kids?

He drove a fast team,
Had plenty of gold,
But, *where did he get it?*
None questioned, or told.

He called on the lady,
And said they must part,
He found she was getting
Too dear to his heart.

Said, he knew it was madness
To hope in the end
She'd ever consent to be
More than a friend.

She straight fell to weeping,
His eyes, too, grew dim;
She told him her bosom
Beat only for him.

At last 'twas agreed,
He should go and demand
From the wealthy old banker
Her *fortune* and hand.

PART II.

O, why is it fathers
Such tyrants will prove,
And always obstruct
The sweet current of love?

The banker stormed fiercely,
Raged, scolded, and swore,
And ended by ordering
The suitor out door.

But lovers will meet,
As lovers know best,
But the *hows* and the *wheres*
Are never confessed.

They met and agreed
'Twere better to fly
To a run-away marriage,
Than single to die.

They parted well pleased
With other and self—
She searching for happiness,
He seeking for pelf.

She said to herself,
"If I win but his praise,
"I'll willingly drudge
"All the rest of my days."

He turned to his home,
And soothingly said,
"The banker 'll relent
"When he finds we are wed."

O foolish delusion!
Love, madness, combined!
No wonder the ancients
Represented him blind!

PART III.

They entered a carriage,
And drove to the "Crest,"
Where a comrade offici-
Ated as priest.

The banker disowned her,
Her husband seemed true.
They took a grand lodging
Some number in Rue———.

She found that a *lover*
Though tame as a post,
May make for a *husband*
A demon almost.

For scarce had a month
Passed over her head,
Ere kisses were changed
To curses instead.

She hurried away
To her room from his curse;
He went to the play
To replenish his purse.

PART IV.

But debts must be paid—
He lost at the play,
And the landlord closed up
Their mansion next day.

Thus friendless, and houseless,
He told her quite calm,
The marriage between them
Was only a sham.

Advised her to go,
And beg at the door,
She left with him, scarcely
A twelve-month before.

She urged him for mercy;
He answered her, *nay;*
She swooned on the street,
And he hurried away.

She died in a garret,
Neglected, and lone,
In sight of the mansion,
That once was her own.

His after fate,
His crimes, and his woe,
I never knew,
Or desired to know.

THE EXILE OF TASMANIA.

His blood coursed through his veins like molten fire,
His eyes like diamonds in their native caves
Flashed forth the pride a tyrant's blood-stained hands
With all their power and chains can never quell.
His home had been among the hills of Spain,
Where like the eagles, he loved freedom, too.
And when he saw his people were oppressed,
Their native genius cramped, and half extinct,
He taught them songs that spoke in freedom's praise;
Accused of which he stood before the king.

"Thou hast heard the accusation;
Trust no more to silent tongue—
Hast thou tampered with the nation?
Hast thou sung the patriot-song?"

So, the king in anger questioned
In his bold and haughty pride;
Thus the captive proudly answered,
In his innocence replied:

"If 'tis crime to sing of freedom,
Wrong to sing our nation's right,
Then indeed I'm deeply guilty,
For I've done so day and night."

"If 'tis wrong to hate a tyrant
Over body, spirt, soul,
If 'tis wrong to love the valleys,
Where the gentle rivers roll;"

"If 'tis wrong to love the mountains,
And the freedom of the hills,
If 'tis wrong to love the meadows,
And the little rippling rills;"

"Though I learned it from the eagle
In its free and lofty flight,
Learned it from the mountain breezes,
Learned it from the morning light;"

"If 'tis wrong to love and follow
What the tongues of Nature chime,
If 'tis wrong to dream of freedom,
I am guilty of a crime."

Then the king began the sentence:
"Thou shall go beyond the main;
He shall have three hundred reals
For thy head, if found in Spain;"

To the lonely isle of Tasman
In a ship rode out again,
One, whose only crime was loving
Freedom and his native Spain.

* * * * *

Many weary years had vanished,
And upon the Tasman isle
Came a stranger, with an organ
Of the ancient Spanish style.

Very old and feeble was he,
And his garments thin and poor.
Thus for many years he wandered,
Begged his bread from door to door.

'Twas a tune of mournful music
From the organ borne along,

But its words had lofty spirit—
'Twas the Spanish patriot-song.

Still he played from morn till even
In the corner of a street;
Still the passers paused to listen
To its music sad and sweet.

Weak and wandering, bent, and aged,
Came a stranger by the way,
Heard the organ-grinder singing,
Heard the Spanish organ play.

'Twas the noble Spanish exile,
Who was sent across the main,
For the dreadful crime of loving
Freedom and his native Spain.

Long they gazed upon each other,
For their tongues refused to speak,
And they clasped each other, weeping,
Kissed each other's withered cheek.

Ye who call it weak and foolish
For a man to shed a tear,
Turn away your cynic sneering—
These are brothers weeping here.

Learn, that songs of youth and country
Have a magic, moving spell,
That the weary wanderer feeleth,
But the lips can never tell.

THE SEASONS.

SPRING.

Came the Spring,
And the ring
Of the waters, as they fell
In the dell,
Made music, like a bell
On the air,
Joined the pleasant little song
Of the merry spring birds,
And the ripple of the rill
From the hill,
Where the early flowers burst,
Soonest bloom,
Where the berries ripen first
On a south-sloping hill—
'Twas a merry spring morn,
Fair as born,
For everything was gay
On that lovely morn of May.

Came a child,
Fair and mild
As the waters, that fell
In the dell;

Like the music of a bell
On the air
Rose his song,
As he mocked the merry birds,
And the ripple of the rill
From the hill;
Plucked the flowers as they burst
From the gloom,
Where the berries ripen first
On a south-sloping hill—
'Twas a merry, happy child,
And he smiled
With joy and beauty rife
On that early morn of life.

SUMMER.

Summer came
With a flame
Of heat from the sun,
And fields of waving grain
Were ripened on the plain,
And the air
Sang as sweet
As the music of the feet
Of the fairies in a dance,
And the birds sang their song
In a little mossy dell,
Where the shining waters fell.

Youth came
For a name;
And his hopes of fame were fair
As the fields of yellow grain;
And in numbers
Flowed as sweet,

As the music of the feet
Of the fairies in a dance,
His song with the birds
In a little mossy dell,
Where the shining waters fell—
'Twas a youth of pleasing mien,
As time hath ever seen.

AUTUMN.

Autumn smiled
Calm and mild;
And the sheaves of yellow grain
From the plain
Were gathered in the garner,
And the leaves of the trees
Were scattered on the breeze
Of the wood,
As it wandered to and fro on its way,
As it sang a song of life and decay.

Manhood came
With a name;
Like the sheaves of yellow grain
From the plain
Where his laurels gathered in;
As the leaves of the trees
Were scattered by the breeze,
So his friends
Had wandered to and fro, or had gone
To that land where he, too, must follow soon.

WINTER.

Winter rolled
In its cold;

The snow swept the hedge;
Through the arch of the bridge,
O'er the mead,
Blew the chilly, chilling snows;
It froze the life of the little running stream,
And the year was at a close.

Age came,
Weak and lame;
As the winds swept the hedge,
So the hoar-frosts of age
Clothed his head
With the grave-yard bloom;
It froze up the blood in the old man's heart,
And it covered up his tomb.

A MIDNIGHT TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.

I spent a week among those mountains once,
And nought can ever force me there again.

'Twas August; and the flaming god of day
Burnt like a ball of fire from his throne.
Two beings came for lodgings for a week,
And much I marvelled, that, on such a day
Of fervent heat, such coldness could exist
'Twixt mortals, as appeared to be 'twixt them.
He was of fine proportions, and with hair
That shamed the dusky raven of his plume;
A manly growth of dark, luxuriant beard
Was on his chin, and fringed his upper lip.
She was of fairer favor, and her hair,
Like gold, hung ringleted about her neck;
Though, scarce two hours before, they had been wed,
There seemed a sadness in her mild, blue eye.
I knew not then, nor did I ever know
What powers combined to draw me unto them.

The night came on; I could not rest, but turned
From side to side in fretful agony;
Or if the god of sleep did deign to stoop,
And touch mine eye-lids with his poppy wand,
Such frightful dreams came, that with frantic fear
I'd leap from bed, and wake, then sleep again,

And she, of whom I spake, would seem to call
Most piteously for help.
And thus it was,
Unable to compose myself to sleep,
And wondering, why my mind should be distressed
About a stranger, I arose, and sought
The spirit of the cooling evening breeze.
I walked about among the garden paths,
When presently, it could not be by chance,
I cast mine eyes upon an upper room,
Wherein the strangers slept, scarce knowing why.
A single tallow candle, half consumed,
Burnt in its socket with a fitful glare.
The bride arose enshrouded like a ghost
In long, loose robes that swept upon the floor.
At first, I thought upon the tales I'd heard
Of persons walking in their sleep at night,
But, when she softly crept, threw back the sash,
I stood like one entranced with deadly fright,
And fear stood out in drops upon my face.
Ever and anon, her eyes turned to his couch
As if to satisfy herself he slept.
She stood beside his bed, and kissed his brow,
And murmured words I could not understand;
I tried to speak—my lips refused to move.
She stood a moment on the window sill,
Looked on the night, then on the sleeper's face,
Then raised her snowy arms above her head,
And leaped———beside her husband into bed.

WINE OF CYPRUS.

I wist not, I guess not, I never could tell,
What held me, what bound me in magical spell,
It might be a vision, it might be a dream,
It might have been Lethe, or some other stream;
I knew not, I know not, I never could tell,
What held me, what bound me in magical spell.
I stood by a river of pleasantest flow
Of ripples, and wavelets, that sing as they go;
I plucked from the flowers, that grew at its side,
Sweet leaflets, and scattered them over the tide;
As onward they floated and left me alone,
I murmured, "So perished the hopes I have known."
The spirit of musings came over me;
I passed to a happy revery.
I lifted mine eyes to the river again,
The river had stretched to a mighty plain;
A nymph came up from the river's bed;
A garland of flowers was on her head,
Her hand bore an ink-horn, a pen, a scroll,
And shining names were on the roll,
I looked in vain to see my name,
Then wept, for I knew the nymph was *Fame*.
Her face was comely, her smile was sweet,

Unconsciously I sank at her feet,
But, lifting me up and smiling again,
She pointed away to the distant plain.
I saw a standard on high unfold
A banner, a crown, a cup of gold;
The banner displayed "TRUTH ALONE ACHIEVES,"
The crown was made of laurel leaves,
And the nymph said the goblet was filled with wine,
Purer, and sweeter than flows from the vine,
Its flavor enchanting; from tasting it flows
The pleasures that only a poet knows.
The plain was covered with rocks and stone,
Unpolished, and rough, like thoughts half-grown.
And she bade me out of the stones build up
A tower, and take, and quaff of the cup.
The nymph had departed, I hurried away,
And gathered up stones for many a day,
And built me a tower, gained me a stand,
Quaffed from the goblet with trembling hand,
But, lo! as soon as I had drained the cup,
A mystic fountain filled it up.
My soul thrilled through with a happy pain,
I siezed the goblet, and drank again,
Then I reached my hand to take the crown,
But the structure I'd built came tumbling down,
I fell to the earth—I awoke with the fright.
My taper flickered with feeble light,
And I sighed, as I turned to my toil again,
And the thoughts ran down from brain to pen,
But my soul was glad for the tasted wine.
Though my brow no laurel shall ever entwine,
I will sip the wine, and love my lot,
For the joys are mine, though the crown is not.

I DREAMED LAST NIGHT.

I dreamed last night
Of my mountain home,
Where the loved ones meet at the even-tide,
'Neath the linden trees,
Where we used to roam,
In my home that stands on the mountain-side.
I'll come again,
When the war is o'er,
And the battle's past, at the even-tide
We'll sing the songs,
That we sang of yore,
In my home far away on the mountain-side.

I dreamed last night
Of the words you said,
And the plans we formed at the even-tide,
When we roamed side by side
In the dear days, dead,
In my home that stands on the mountain-side.
We will meet again,
When the war is past,
And the battle's o'er, at the even-tide,
On the brooklet's brink,
Where we parted last,
In my home far away on the mountain-side.

I dreamed last night
Of the tears we shed,

And the kiss you gave at the even-tide,
When we parted last,
Neath the stars o'er head,
And the trees round my home on the mountain-side.
When the war is done,
And the battle's past,
My spirit will come at the even-tide,
And hover o'er,
Where the loved ones rest,
In my home far away on the mountain-side.

For I dreamed last night
Of the closing scene,
And the day grew dark; it was even-tide,
And the light shone bright
On the other shore,
Where the angels dwell by the river side.
When life is past,
And the battle's o'er,
We'll meet again at glory-tide,
In a brighter home
On a fairer shore,
Than the home that stands on the mountain-side.

SALUTATORY;

For a School Examination.

Dear friends, we meet you here to-day once more,
As we have often met you here before;
Our star still shines with undiminished ray,
And still illumes our *onward*, *upward* way;
We thank you thus for coming at our call,
And bid you welcome to our humble hall.
The spring-time came, and birds of sweetest song,
Sang in the groves and all the bowers among,
Then summer came, bedecked with flowers fair,
That shed their sweetness on the scented air;
Then autumn followed, crowned with fruits of gold.
Now winter's with us with his frost and cold.
Thus day by day through all the weary year,
Through heat and cold have we assembled here;
And thus each day, through trouble and vexation,
We've met and studied for examination—
We hope to prove before we part again,
The weary year has not been spent in vain.

VALEDICTORY;

For a School Examination.

It is almost set of sun,
The examination's done,
The day is growing darker,
For the sun is getting low,
And the people want to go
To their home.
Ere you go, go, go
To the quiet of your home,
While you stay, stay, stay,
Believe me while I say,
We are glad you chose to come
This examination day.
The classes all are through,
I have come to say adieu,
Till we meet you here again,
When the summer shall have come,
And the winter with its gloom
Shall have flown;
When the snow upon the hills
Shall have swelled the rippling rills,
And the daisies by the river
Shall have grown;
And birds of gentle beak

To the groves and meadows speak
Of the gladness they have known—
If your spirits then be gay
As the birds that join your lay,
Then your hearts shall feel the pleasure,
Shall feel the grateful feelings
That now our bosoms swell,
That our lips refuse to utter,
And our lives alone can tell,
How we prize the favors granted,
Which we never can repay,
The interest manifested
This examination day.
Should we not hereafter meet,
Till our fleet, shining feet
Thread the bright, eternal shore,
When our spirits, glad to roam
To a fairer, better home,
Shall have flown;
On that awful judgment day,
Great examination day,
May you pass examination,
And God the welcome say,
"Well done, faithful servants,
Ye shall reign with me for aye."

THE GRAVE OF JANE M'CREA.

During the war of 1777, Miss Jane M'Crea was engaged to be married to a young British officer. The old house in which she lived is still standing; now, in the heart of the town of Fort Edward; then, in the woods at a short distance from the fort.

The lover, fearing she might fall into the hands of unfriendly savages, sent a party of Indians to convey her to him in Canada.

About a mile above the fort stood a large pine tree, from whose base flowed a spring; here the party halted with their captive as they supposed, for the nature of their mission had not been explained to them, when a quarrel arose respecting the division of the reward; and the Chief, supposing her to be merely a prisoner of war, murdered her, carried her scalp, and presented it to her lover.

The young officer's feelings on this occasion can only be imagined. It is said he was never afterwards seen to smile. He fell in battle about three years after the tragic death of Miss M'Crea.

The remains of Miss M'Crea, some years ago, were removed to Union Cemetery, Washington County, New York, and a column erected containing a short account of her death.

The tree has been cut down, but the spring still gushes in its purity. The following lines were written at her grave on a piece of wood cut from the stump of the "Jane M'Crea tree."

Beauty will fade like the tints of the morning,
And hopes pass away as bright dreams of the heart,
Flowers will wither, fair meadows adorning,
Youth with its freshness and innocence part.

But the heart changeth not, while the seasons are changing,
The flowers will bloom, when the summers renew,
But new friends come not, while old are estranging,
And friendships grow not, where the false-hearted grew.

For never again can the heart of a lover
Regain, when once lost, the pleasures of yore,
For a young life, once blighted, can never recover
The joys which no science or art can restore.

Ninety cold winters have whitened the mountain,
Ninety fair summers have brighted the plain;
Still in its purity gushes the fountain,
Scarcely more pure than the innocent slain.

O cruel hand, that was lifted above her!
Warm was the life-blood that flowed from her side,
Sad was the fate of her heart-broken lover,
Fighting the foes of his country he died.

Boughs of the pine-tree their sorrows recited,
Sadly the zephyrs sighed over her bed,
Fain would the earth-clods restore her unblighted,
Lightly they lie on her innocent head.

Sunshine of summer in brightness will hover
Over the place, where her ashes repose,
Cold-blowing winds in lightness will cover
Over her bosom the chill winter snows.

Maidens will weep, when the tale is repeated,
Strangers will sigh, when they gaze where she died,
Shudders will come, when we think he was greeted,
Not with a smile, but the scalp of his bride.

She'll be remembered because of her story,
He'll be remembered because of his worth—
Both of their spirits returning to glory!
Both of their bodies returning to earth!

Lightly, pray, tread where her ashes are lying,
Speak of her kindly—her spirit is free;
She's in her grave, free from sorrow or sighing;
Calmly *he* sleeps by the murmuring sea.

WHAT THEN?

After your coquetry,
Vows and hypocrisy,
After your smiles so sweet,
After she's at your feet,
After you've played your part,
After you've won her heart—
What then?

Only to cast it by
With scarce a passing sigh,
Only to cause it pain,
Only to laugh again,
Only a laugh of scorn,
Only a life forlorn,
Only a lie believed,
Only a friend deceived.
After you've cast it by
Without a tear or sigh,
After you've caused it pain
Never unfelt again,
After you've laughed in scorn
At a heart, sad, forlorn,
After this lie believed,
After this friend deceived—
What loss?

Only the gem of truth,
Only the bloom of youth,
Only the joys of earth,
Only a friend of worth.
For this lost gem of truth,

For this lost bloom of youth,
For the lost joys of earth,
For this lost friend of worth—
What gain?

Only a ...ttered pride,
Giving to woe a bride,
Only a fancied gain,
Only the curse of Cain,
Only a blighted fair,
Only a canker-care,
Only a barbed dart,
Only a broken heart,
Only a haunting pain,
Only a wish in vain,
Only a mock and jest,
Only an aching breast,
Only a willow wreath,
Only a traitor's death,
Only a welcome bed
With the unnumbered dead.
After this fancied gain,
After this curse of Cain,
After this blighted fair,
After this canker-care,
After this barbed dart,
After this broken heart,
After this haunting pain,
After this wish in vain,
After this mocking jest,
After this aching breast,
After this willow wreath,
After this courted death,
" After this silent bed
With the forgotten dead—
What then?"

THE OCEAN BURIED.

"Man goeth to his long home."—*Bible.*

"The Anglo-Saxon is wrecked. Weary eyes watch in vain for the unreturning loved ones."—*Letter from a friend.*

The sun went down on the ocean's spray;
And a ship rode out to the west away.

Fair forms went out to return no more,
In the ship rode out to a foreign shore,

From an island home to a stranger-land,
From a friend's fond grasp to a stranger's hand.

But weary eyes will watch in vain
For the ship will never return again.

The lover may wait by the ocean's shore,
But the loved one's voice will come no more,

For friends must part and mourners weep,
And many shall sleep the dreamless sleep,
Where the ocean-waves are bubbling.

The sea-waves laved a foreign stand,
And eager eyes sought out the land.

But a storm came up o'er the angry tide,
And ruffled the sea on every side.

The surging winds dashed the ocean's spray,
And dashed their cherished hopes away.

And the prayers, breathed forth to the deep's wild roar,
Were borne to the watch-tower on the shore,

And the watch in the tower took their tones to be
The song of the Storm-King over the sea.

Hope died out at the breaker's roar,
And sparkling eyes grew bright no more,

For every thing on the billowy plain
Seemed hurrying back to chaos again.

And the spray, dashed up from the ocean's swell,
Was not as bitter as tears that fell,

For the heart will chill in the stoutest breast,
And the sooner it stills the sooner to rest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling.

The birds of the storm shrieked a prayer from their nests
Among the crags of the old sea's crest.

The Storm-King laughed in the water's hum,
And over their graves howled a requiem.

The rocky teeth of the hungry sea,
Their grave-stone and resting-place shall be,

Till nations quit their narrow bed,
And the sea delivers up its dead,
And ages cease their doubling.

THE RAILROAD.

It is hurry, hurry, hurry,
For the train's about to go,
All aboard for the journey!
Now we hear the whistle blow;
It's a whiz, whiz, here,
And a bustle, bustle, there,
And here a hurry,
There a whiz,
And everywhere a bustle,
For the train's about to hurry from the station;
With a bump and a jump, see it speed
Over river, rock, and rill, vale and mead—
So starts youth, full of high expectation.

Now the train is at the station,
And our journey's at an end;
And we look with expectation,
But in vain, for a friend—
It's "a cab?" "cab?" here,
And "a cab?" "cab?" there,
And here "a cab?"
And there "a cab?"
And every one, "a cab, sir?"
Where to go, where to turn, there is no tell;
We were hurried in the train, and hurried out again;
It was hurry, worry, worry, over forest, mount and plain,
So they hurry us off to a hotel.

And thus it is in life,
We are hurried to and fro,
We wage a bootless strife
With the fate that moves us so;
It is trouble, trouble, here,
And trouble, trouble, there,
And here is trouble,
And there is trouble,
And everywhere is trouble,
For the world is full of trouble and vexation.
We worry on through life, and worry to the grave,
And scarcely are we buried ere the heirs begin to rave
For our wealth—their great expectation.

Thus when life is at a close,
Like the cab-men at the station,
Come a thousand aches and woes
And the doctor's long oration;
It's a pill and powder here,
And a pill and powder there,
And here a pill,
And there a powder,
For every groan a powder,
As our lives all in vain he tries to save hard;
Like the hurry in the train, we are hurried on through life;
By the doctors and diseases, like the cabmen in their strife,
We are hurried away to the graveyard.

THE END OF THE PLAY.

This world resembles much a masquefade
In which we mingle for an hour's parade,
Our faces, masked behind a borrowed smile
To hide the griefs that wring our hearts the while;
Our thoughts, disguised behind a heap of words,
Bedecked with flowers of speech in tropes and herds
To quench the fires our bosoms burn away,
To shield the meaning that we should convey.

* * * * * *

The play plays on, the minglers mingle still,
And Fate plays pranks to work his willful will.
Here foes to foes, unknown their crimes unfold,
By foe to foe the dark revenge is told,
As friend to friend; thus, each to each, unknown,
Takes each a traitor's bosom to his own,
And while the lips betraying coin the kiss,
That traitor's dagger seeks the heart of this.

Or if the vengeance follow not so fast,
Each thinks within, *I've found a friend at last.*
In fancied bliss the masqueraders move,
And every smile is deemed the smile of love,
And side by side as friends walk, walk the play—
A miniature life—the hours wear away,
Until the master-of-the-assembly's call,
While music fills the midnight banquet hall,
Cries out, "Unmask!" and masks the maskers raise
To gaze bewildered on bewildered gaze,

To see betrayer standing by betrayed,
To see a villain, as a saint arrayed,
To see a serf become a warrior brave,
To see a monarch dwindle to a slave.

Thus, when the mighty Angel's trumpet-call
Summons each mortal to the judgment-hall,
Not few amazed will see a friend appear
Behind the veil, that screened a demon here—
Beneath the mask, that seemed an angel here.

THE KISS YOU GAVE AT PARTING.

You ask me what star shone in glorious gleams
In the gloom that hung over life's billow;
You ask me what thought came last before dreams,
When nightly my head pressed the pillow—
'Twas the sweet, gentle love-light that shone from the depths
Of thine eyes, while the pearl-tears were starting;
'Twas how tenderly, fondly you pressed to my lips
The kiss that you gave me at parting.

You ask me what forms from the caves of the night
Came up in fair visions before me;
You ask me what hopes, borne like angels of light,
In their brightness, came up and stood o'er me—
'Twas the form of the maiden my bosom holds dear,
The cause of my heart's wild, sweet smarting,
And the hopes that buoyed up from the dell of despair,
Was the love that you pledged me at parting.

You ask me what might nerved my arm as I led,
When foe upon foe was advancing,
And cannon played bass in a dirge for the dead,
And war-horses madly were prancing—
'Twas the thought that *my* country was also *thy* home.
When picket beside the lone river,
An angel unchallenged, beside me would roam—
'Twas the love that you pledged me forever,

You ask me what hand lured me on to the goal,
That I saw in the coal-pictures burning;
You ask me what fancies flew back to my soul,
When thoughts of my home were returning—
'Twas the hand that in mine so fondly I pressed,
That I saw o'er the coal-pictures darting,
And the dear, happy fancy that came with the rest,
Was the kiss that you gave me at parting.

ORIGIN OF TURTLE DOVES.

From Toronto, place of meeting,
From Ontario, the lovely,
From the Huron, and Superior,
Came the Tuscarora Indian,
The Cayuga, and Oneida,
To the nations' council fire.
And the smoke of council fires,
Curling up among the tree-tops,
Curling upward, rose to heaven
With the warriors' pledges on it—

Pledges thus were never broken.
And they pledged a peace forever.
Thus the land had joy and beauty,
Ere the white man came to haunt it;
When the string and bow were tightened,
'Twas to hunt the deer or bison,
Not to hunt a fellow creature.
While the people thus were happy,
Oque, a young Cayuga sachem,
Lived within a pleasant valley,
Where a river rippled through it,
And his wigwam was the neatest,
And his fishing boats the lightest,
Made of bark of birch and bass-wood
And his Indian wife, the fairest,
Wove the finest wreaths of wampum
In the whole Cayuga nation.
And the people loved them dearly,
As they also loved each other—
Loving Oque and Yaratilda.
And they were so very loving,
That the people used to, often,
When they saw a youth and maiden
Very happy with each other,
Call them Oque and Yaratilda.
When these two grew old and feeble,
Manitou, the Mighty Spirit,
Changed them into turtle pigeons.
Ever since, when youths and maidens
Grow so loving and confiding,
White men call it billing, cooing,
Like a pair of turtle pigeons;
Indian youths and Indian maidens
Call them Oque and Yaratilda.

FIRST LOVE—ONLY LOVE.

There's not a heart but there's a heart to love it,
There's not a soul has worshipped more than once.
And half mankind, if called upon, can prove it—
That he who talks of second love's a dunce.

For souls are placed in heaven-born pairs in bubbles,
That like balloons float to some star away,
Or burst on earth, mid joy or double troubles,
That each may seek a form where each it may.

Time hurries past, they grow a youth and maiden,
And wander through the labyrinths of life;
With spirits free, and hearts with pleasure laden,
They meet, and fate decrees them—man and wife.

But many wed, less fortunate their meeting,
Mistaking others for their spirit-bride—
Love's not its name, 'tis fickle fancy, fleeting,
Hence flow the "Marahs" wedded-life betide.

And thus we parted, Mata, in life's morning,
To wander lone through bright and stormy weather;
And thus we met—my spirit gave the warning,
Or else I might have missed you altogether.

There's not a spirit but there's one to love it.
There's not a heart has worshipped more than once,
For all mankind, unwed and wed, can prove it—
That he who talks of second love's a dunce.

ECHOES.

Strange, mysterious solemn chimings
From the halls of memory start;
Voices telling of the longings,
Aspirations of the heart.

Telling what, when we were youthful,
Plans were laid to build upon
In the bright and coming future—
Time unfledged, and goal unwon!

Hear them coming, crowding, rising,
Bubbling upward, coming fast;
Memory-voices, half-forgotten,
Spirit-echoes of the past.

Coming from the mellow distance,
Scenes we thought forgotten. old,
Dim, remembered as a dream-vow,
Or a story that is told.

Thus alone I'm sitting, dreaming
Of my youth, when life was gay,
When I wished for coming manhood,
Ere my playmates passed away.

All in vain I try to argue,
They forever more are gone,
As the dew-drops of the morning
Pass before the rising sun.

For their voices, sweet and life-like,
Come in mingled tones to me,
From their resting in the church-yard,
From their graves beneath the sea,

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG.

I wandered to-day to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below,
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
As we used to long ago.
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung,
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

A city so silent and lone, Maggie,
Where the young, the gay, and the best,
In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie,
Have each found a palace of rest,
Is built, where the birds used to play, Maggie,
And join in the songs that were sung;
For we sang as gay as they, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

They say I am feeble with age, Maggie,
My steps are less sprightly than then,
My face is a full written page, Maggie,
But *Time's* alone was the pen.
Our heads they say are as gray, Maggie,
As the spray by the white breakers flung,
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

PASSING AWAY.

Very softly, very sweetly,
Half our days have glided on,
Half our hopes have faded fleetly
Ere their promised joys were won.

Gone, forever, in completeness,
Toward the land of long ago—
Summer songs of soothing sweetness
With their interludes of woe.

Friends have passed us on the river
Floating down the stream of time
To their island-home, Avillion,
In a bright, eternal clime,

Where the wid'ning river stretches
To a boundless, shining sea,
Where the waves of time are beetling
'Gainst the shore—Eternity.

Sweetly now their spirit-voices
Lure us waiting all alone,
Thinking of the joys, departed,
With the years forever flown.

Very softly, very sweetly,
We are passing to that bourne—
To that undiscovered country,
Whence no travelers return.

ECCLESIASTICUS.

Go, giddy, vain one,
Tune thy heart to pleasure;
While time is lent thee,
Laugh and be happy;
But, O, remember,
For each sinful pleasure,
For each misspent moment,
God will most surely
Bring thee to judgment.
Laugh with the thoughtless,
Say unto thy spirit,
"Age is for sadness;
Long years are coming
In which to reckon
Interests eternal;
Youth is for gladness,
Live and enjoy it."
But O, remember,
Every idle, vain word,
That man shall utter,
He shall account for
In the day of judgment.
Youth fleeth quickly,
Live is uncertain,
Ere to-morrow cometh,
God, at thy hands, may
Thy soul require.

Life's but a span long,
Age hath its troubles,
Hath its days of evil,
When thou shalt say, "Iv'e
No pleasure in them."
If thou wert worried,
Running with footmen,
How wilt thou do when
Thou runnest with horses?
If in the country,
In which thou trustedst,
They overcame thee,
How wilt thou do in the
Swellings of Jordan?
Pause and consider.

PERHAPS IT WAS ONLY A DREAM.

I climbed to the top of a magic hill,
And eagerly gazed, at last,
On a mystic, wide-extended plain,
That stretched far away—the Past.

I saw that the side on which I stood
Was thickly covered with graves,
And some stood high above the rest,
As rocks above the waves.

But farther on in a mellow haze
The graves had levelled and met,
Except of a few immortal names,
Whose deeds are living yet.

I marked the place where Milton sleeps
Scott, Shakspeare, Pope, and Blair,
And many other great men's graves
Were scattered here and there.

Then I turned to the line of my father's graves;
It was level, and hidden in gloom,
And I said to myself, "this will be my lot
In a very few years to come."

So, sick of the past, to the future I turned
To see if my hopings were vain;
My coming honors, first only as mist,
Come hurrying over the plain.

As nearer they came, more fair were their forms
Than anything under the sun,
But Fate stood ready with envious sword,
And slew them every one.

Then I hurried away to the real again,
Forgetting the gloom and the gleam,
I tried to take comfort by saying, "Who knows?
"Perhaps it was only a dream."

CONTENTMENT ITSELF IS A TREASURE.

Should fair-favored fortune with phæton and four
Reign up his fierce coursers in front of your door,
And court you with silver, and woo you with gold,
And crown you with riches, uncounted, untold,
'Twere better a beggar should go from your door,

And cite you in prayer as a friend to the poor.
The ringing of silver 's less merry and wild,
Than the silvery laugh of a light-hearted child;
The glitter of gold is gloomy and dun,
Compared with the glorious light of the sun;
Thy crown and thy riches, though garnered and stored,
Can bring thee at best but thy clothes and thy board,
And gold-fame, and honor may change in an hour,
For gold-friends, like moths, fly the gloom and the shower
And bask but in sun-shine and pleasure.

If thou have a heart that is faithful and true,
And hearts that are steady, and faithful to you,
A heart that's contented with what it may have,
A station between a monarch and slave,
A friend that is firm, though afflictions may come,
A home, and the hope of a future home,
Thy life shall be sweet beyond measure.

But if thou art thinking to hoard up thy gold
To bring thee contentment, when feeble and old,
Or if by fair falsehoods thou'rt thinking to hew
Thee a name, and departing give history one, too,
Thou'lt find, when the sand grains of life shall have fled,
The hopes of thy dreamings all blighted and dead,
Thou'lt find from thy casket a gem shall have gone,
And left thee all friendless, disheartened, alone—
Contentment will be they lost treasure.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

There's music in the running brook,
That winds around the mountain;
There's music in the water-fall,
And the bubbling fountain.

There's music in the song of birds,
That sing among the bowers;
And music in the hum of bees
Among the garden flowers.

There's music in the watch-dog's voice
To the returning rover;
And music in the mem'ry tones,
That sing past pleasures over.

There's music in the singing winds,
And in the poplar's quiver;
There's music in the swan's wild note
Adown the Iceland river.

There's music in the rising gale,
And in the billows motion;
There's music in the sea-gull's scream
Above the roaring ocean.

There's music in the loving words
A mother's lips have spoken,
A master chord—a holy spell,
That never can be broken.

A HEART TO LOVE, AND A HOME TO GO TO

The birds have a nest,
Where at eve they may rest,
The rivers an ocean-home to flow to,
But I am alone
With crown, nor throne,
A heart to love, or a home to go to.

I ask not wealth,
It may wing by stealth,
And fly beyond where the breezes blow to,
But an arm to guide,
A friend, true, tried,
A heart to love, and a home to go to.

I want not fame,
'Tis an empty name,
And will change as oft as the winds that blow do,
But one change made,
If well repaid
With a heart to love, and a home to go to.

My heart's as free
As the chainless sea,
And sweet pet-names is not a foe to,
But longs for rest
On a kindred breast,
A heart to love, and a home to go to.

My wealth you may have,
For I've none to give,
But a large warm heart, that won't say *no* to
A troth I can trust,
A sou' that is just,
A heart to love, and a home to go to.

HOME, KINDRED AND FRIENDS.

The three dearest hopes
On which pleasure depends,
Are found in my subject:
Home, kindred and friends.
I claim to no country,
I cling to no clan,
I kneel to no despot—
A man is a man;
No matter what land in—
What sky is above me—
My land and my home is
Where hearts are that love me.

I value not honors,
Or wealthy men's trust;
The wealth, that I prize,
Is a soul that is just,
A cot in a vale,
Where the sun shineth free,
The friends that surround me,
As constant as he.
No matter what land in—
What sky is above me—
My land and my home is
Where hearts are that love me.

If thou have a home,
And kindred and pelf,
To gain to thee friends,
Be friendly thyself,

For the three dearest blessings
That Providence sends,
Are told in my subject:
Home, kindred and friends.
No matter what land in—
What sky is above us --
Our home and land is
Where hearts are that love us.

WHAT?

What are thoughts, that move the world,
Like a mighty lever pressing?
Nothing but the *fumes*, that rise
From a *brain* that's *effervescing*.

What's a *frown?* Is't bosom rage,
Raging till the brow is lowered?
No! it's nothing half so sage,
Nothing but a *smile* that's *sour'd*.

What's the dream that fills the *head*
Of a silent river sleeping?
Where are all the tear-drops shed
By the weeping-willows' *weeping?*

What makes up the "Soldier's joys"
In the battle's roaring, shelling?
Soul-dear loved ones proud applaud,
While their noble deeds are told.

What at even cheers the heart
Of the clerk that's weary postin'?
Nothing like the merry chimes
Of the *wedding-belles* of Boston.

THE LAND OF THE LEAL.

No storms brood over that country,
No gloom, no funeral pall,
For Christ is the light of that kingdom,
His brightness is spread over all—
Where the living river flows,
And pleasures never close,
And fair, and forever, the tree of healing grows,
And the dwellers no grief ever feel;
On an amaranthine shore,
Where sorrows all are o'er,
And the wicked ones trouble the weary ones no more
Is that land—*the land of the leal.*

The winds that blow in that country,
Are balm, neither hot or cold,
A city is built in that kingdom,
Its streets are jasper and gold—
Where the weary sink to rest
On their dear Redeemer's breast,
Or fly with glittering wings through the realm of the blest,
Or round the throne of God ever kneel;
Where death and dark despair,
And trouble, canker-care,
And sickness, sin, and sorrow can never enter, there
Is that land—*the land of the leal,*

A highway's cast up to that country,
The righteous shall walk in that way,
The Lord is their guide to that kingdom,
They'll dwell there forever and aye—
When the judgment day shall come,

And the saints are gathered home,
In that city, in that country, where the tree of life
doth bloom,
The guerdon God will give will be weal;
While the living stream flows on,
Fast by their Father's throne,
Forever they shall shine, as the seraphim have shone,
In that land—*the land of the leal.*

THE OLD FLAG FLOATS.

Yes! darling, I remember,
And never shall forget,
When neath the trees we plighted
Our vows, when last we met.
I vowed to love you, darling,
And love my country, too,
And, when the wars were over,
Return again to you.

CHORUS—Then sing to-night, for the old flag floats,
And, while it floats, I'm true
To the Union Jack, and the Maple Leaf,
To my Country, and to you.

Full many a comrade round me
Had laid his armour by,
And 'neath his flowing banner
Sank calmly down to die;

And when his soul had left us,
The soldier's prayer we gave,
Then wrapped him in his banner,
And laid him in his grave.

CHORUS—Then sing, &c.

I dreamed last night I met you,
Where oft we used to roam,
You fondly pressed my forehead,
And kissed me welcome home,
Saying, "God be with thee Zidi,
God bless our land with peace,
And the flag that's braved for ages
The battle and the breeze."

CHORUS—Then sing, &c.

And thus each day thy blessing
Has nerved my arm anew,
And when this war is over,
I'll come again to you.
God bless and guard thee, dear one,
While I upon the seas
Uphold the flag, that still defies
The battle and the breeze.

CHORUS—Then sing to-night, for the old flag floats.
And, while it floats, I'm true
To the Union Jack, and the Maple Leaf.
To my Country, and to you.

ODE TO CANADA.

Canada, faithful! Canada fair!
Canada, beautiful, blooming and rare!
Canada, happiest land of the earth!
Hail to thee, Canada! land of my birth!
Land of fair freedom, where bought not and sold,
Are sinews and sorrows, for silver and gold!
Land of broad lakes, sweet valleys and plains!
Land where justice for rich and poor reigns!
Land of tall forests, famed rivers and rills!
Land of fair meadows, bold mountains and hills!
Land where a man is a man, though he toil!
Land where the tiller is lord of the soil!
Land where a people are happy and free—
Where is the land that is like unto thee?
Thou hast for the stranger that seeketh thy shore
A smile, and a cheer, and a welcome in store;
The needy, relief; and the weary, repose;
A home for thy friends; and a grave for thy foes.
Thy nobles are those whose riches in store
Is the wealth of the soul, and the heart's hidden lore;
They cringe to no master, they bow to no lord,
Save Heaven's, each night and each morning adored.
Land of swift rivers, sweet-gliding along!
Land of my pride, and land of my song!
Canada, prosperous! Canada, true!
Canada loyal, and virtuous, too!
Canada, happiest land of the earth!
Hail thee, forever, sweet land of my birth!

NO DESPOT—NO SLAVE.

Canadian hands Canadian soil shall till,
Canadian hearts shall watch her welfare still;
Fair Freedom reigns, and shall forever reign
From lake to lake, from mount to mighty main.
The clank of chains, the sighs, and Slavery's tears
Shall never pain Canadians' loyal ears—
From Erie's shore to old Atlantic's waves,
We fear no despot, and we own no slaves.

Canadian skies are fairest, brightest, best;
Canadian hearts no traitor's blood have pressed;
Canadian eyes shall weep us when we roam;
Canadian lips shall greet us:—welcome home!
And while yon sun is bright, yon forests fair,
Yon meadows green, this is Canadians' prayer:
From Erie's shore to old Atlantic's waves
Give us no despot and no weeping slaves!

Shall tyrants ever gain despotic power
O'er Canada? Oh never come that hour!
When man to man shall kneel and kiss the ground,
And slaves wear fetters tyrants hands have bound,
When freemen's hearts with grief shall bleed to see
Thy *gem*, departed—Land, thy Liberty—
From Erie's shore to old Atlantic's waves,
A den of DESPOTS, *and a race of* SLAVES.

Dear native land, thine air is still as free,
As summer winds that fan the summer sea.
Fair land, and free, as when the red man strayed
Among thy mountains, through thy forests' shade.

Beneath Victoria's peaceful sceptre's sway
The star of Hope shall guide our future way,
From Erie's shore to old Atlantic's waves,
We'll fear no DESPOTS, *and we'll have no* SLAVES.

ASPIRATIONS.

"Give me a brighter and better toy,
Than the one I have," said a fair-haired boy,
The first time he tried his speech;
And petted and spoiled,
He struggled and toiled,
Weeping and spurning his present joys,
The fairest, the brightest, and best of his toys
For a toy beyond his reach:
It is ever thus; as we older grow
We value not the pleasures we know,
And the hopes we cherish, as soon as gained,
Are cast aside for the unattained,
We weep and grasp like the untaught boy,
And toil and moil for a newer toy.

"Stay! Stay! thy rushing car, O Time!"
Said a wanderer in a foreign clime;
His beard was white as the foam;
He had made him a name,
But had waited for fame,
Till the frosts of age had whitened his head,
And the friends of his youth were with the dead,
Then he died and followed them home:

It is ever thus; in our childhood-time
We long for the coming manhood prime;
When manhood comes, we turn and sigh
For the happy childhood days gone by;
Then age comes on, and we turn to view
The plans that our youthful fancies drew,
Unsatisfied, sad, unresigned,
We die and leave them all behind.

DREAMS.

In the dreams of the midnight,
How fancy will range,
When we seek for relief from sorrows and strife,
When the world seems so selfish,
And all seems so strange,
And the soul is o'ercast with the sorrows of life!

When troops of wild fancies
Roam over the mind,
Bringing with them a legion of terrors and fears,
When scenes new, and strange,
And as fleet as the wind,
Are mused on and loved as if dwelt in for years.

When quick-footed dreams
Without order or number
Flit over the soul, like ghosts of the dead;
When the years of our dreams
Are but moments of slumber
The worlds and the wilds we explored—but a bed.

In a night I have roamed
In the dreams of my sleep
Far away from my home in a land of strange fears;
Climbed mountains, dug gems
From the caves of the deep,
When a dream hour stretched to a million of years.

My day-dreams of thought,
Like my night-dreams of fancy,
Re-visit the scenes
I shall visit no more,
And fain would peer through
The dim veil of the future
To tell me the good or the evil in store.

WHAT IS THY LIFE-OBJECT!

In thy spirit's penetralia,
As in temples of Italia,
By some deep, unseen attraction,
Rapt like Raphael, Hope hath painted
In the vision-chambers, sainted,
On the spirit-walls hath painted
Pictures of its life and action.

Where thy heart's affections center,
Where resides the silent mentor,
Reigns a power, throned and cherished,
Cherished cause of every notion,
Prompting power of every motion,
Yielding sweet or bitter potion,
When the things of earth have perished.

Question thy interior spirit
Of the cherished longings near it,
What it would obtain to-morrow,
Of the hopes it hopes to measure,
If its object be life's pleasure,
If it miser-like be treasure,
Would it fame and honor borrow.

Hopes of fame are false, and fleeting,
Singing sands, that mock thee, cheating,
Fickle, as inconsistent aspen;
Earthly pleasure's toil and trouble,
Wealth is rotten straw and stubble,
Happiness, an empty bubble,
That will perish in the grasping.

When the joys of life are tasted,
When the sands of time are wasted,
When the hopes of life forsake thee,
When the ties of earth are sundered,
Ask thy spirit what it rendered
For the days and hours squandered—
What a coward Death will make thee!

THE SOUL.

Tell me, my secret soul,
What is thy rise and goal?
And what thou art, so near,
Yet never understood?
"Rays of light, shed abroad

"From the bright throne of God."
It replied, "I shall be
"Throughout eternity;
"A word from wisdom's mouth
"That has proceeded forth—
"Never unspoken,
"That rust of rest, nor wear,
"Nor waste, or chance, or care,
"E'er can annihilate—
"Spell never broken.
"Go, count the grains of sand
"Upon the ocean's strand,
"Count all the blades of grass,
"All the green leaves of trees,
"Each meteor that flies,
"All the stars in the skies,
"All the small water-drops,
"Making the seas;
"Call each an age of time,
"Or a millennium;
"All's but a pendulum swing—
"In my diuturnity—
"Of the great clock that then,
"When time shall cease to be,
"Measures Eternity.
"When this time all declines,
"Thrice-told, a million times,
"Throughout eternity.
"Changeless I yet shall be
"In the eternal climes."

MY OWN CANADIAN HOME.

Though other hearts and other hands
May love their own, and love them true;
Though other homes in other lands
Possess a charm mine never knew;
Italian skies may be more bright
Than those of other climes may be,
Yet never can another home
Be half as dear as mine to me.

CHORUS—Then give me my Canadian home,
My cottage home beside the hill,
Where oft in infancy I played—
I loved in youth, I love thee still—
My native home!

I wandered far in many lands,
I sought a home, yet found it not,
Nor did I see a land more fair,
Or cottage, than my father's cot;
I missed its lakes and woody streams,
Its pleasant vales, its mountain land,
I missed Canadian welcoming—
The friendly grasp, the constant hand.

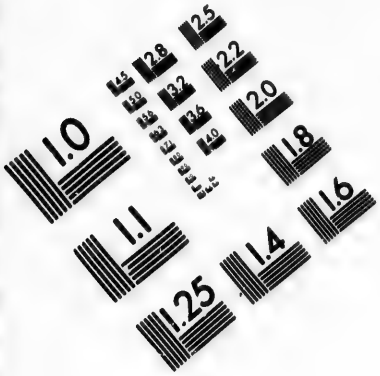
CHORUS—Then give me my Canadian home,
So dear to me by every tie,
For here I and my fathers lived,
Were born here, then here let me die—
In my native land!

THE MARCH OF TIME.

Swift or slow
As chance may throw,
Noted by the passing flow
Of joy's and sorrow's come and go—
'Tis the heart alone can show,
Whether hours are swift or slow.
Still the little moments go,
Fast to some to others slow;
Smooth as seas of glass to some,
Rough to others as ocean's foam.
When the heart with love is gay,
Fleeting as the dawn of day;
When the life's o'ercast with woe,
Turbidly the currents flow;
When the hopes of life are bright,
Swifter than the arrow's flight—
'Tis the heart alone can show,
Whether hours are swift or slow.

GRAVES WITHOUT A HEAD-STONE.

There's a garden of graves, filled up with care,
No mortal hath ever known;
My fondly-loved lost ones are sleeping there,
I buried them one by one.



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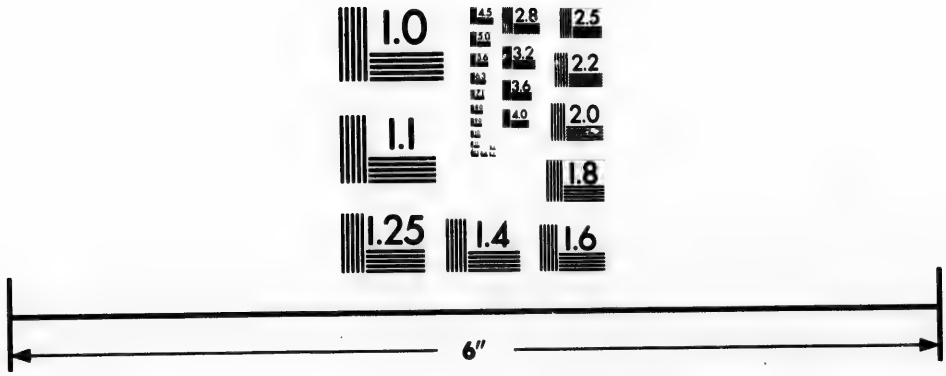

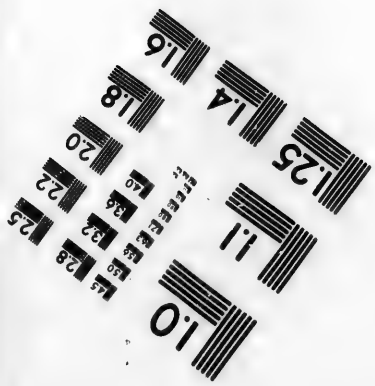

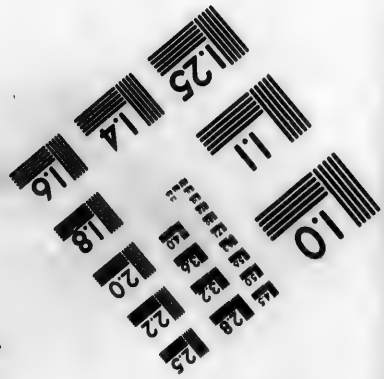

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I made them graves, as I saw them fall,
And one by one depart,
I gathered them up, and buried them all
In the grave-yard of my heart.

No stone marks the sacred place of their rest,
But many a tear have I shed
O'er the hidden graves within my breast—
The graves of my best hopes dead.

THE HAPPY MAN.

Give him the comeliness Absalom had,
But none of his dementment;
Give him the rich man's purple robe,
And Lazarus' contentment;
Give him Mathusaleh's length of days,
His innocence at seven;
Give him Crœsus' golden store,
And Enoch's hope of heaven;
Give him of wisdom Solomon's,
But not his cup of sorrow;
Change his yesterday-regrets,
To brighter hopes for the morrow;
If *then* he is happy, show him as one
Of the mightiest prodigies under the sun.

THE MAGIC CAVE.

There's a cave in a rock, and an echo comes from it
To all kinds of questions, the self-same reply;
The lover, the hero, the student, the poet,
May ask any question, 'twill answer but—"*I*."

But if you say "*I*," it will howl in the cavern,
As mountains re-bellow to thunders, reply;
'Twill roll from the echo, like lava from craters,
Its usual answer, repeated—"I"——"I."

To thunder or tempest it gives the same answer,
As to music, or weeping, or orphan's sad sigh—
'Tis found in the heart of the selfish man's bosom
Who sums up the world in the little word—"*I*."

TO-DAY WE MEET FOR A SONG, TO-MORROW AROUND A GRAVE.

To-day we meet for a song,
To-morrow around a grave;
To-day the sailor sails gaily along,
To-morrow sleeps under the wave;
Boldly the soldier alone
Stepped bravely to battle the brave,
To-day we meet to welcome him home,
To-morrow around his grave.

To-day is the marriage bell,
To-morrow a funeral pall;
To-day in the home of the kings we dwell,
To-morrow a prison wall.
Time hurries us swiftly along
Young or old, fair, feeble or brave—
He hurries the gay away to a song,
The weary away to the grave.
There's change for the weak, and the strong,
There's change to the monarch and slave—
Full many who meet to-day for a song,
To-morrow will sleep in the grave.

EARTH'S HISTORY.

God spake—the curtains of gloom unfurled,
And angels rejoiced o'er a new-made world;
He spake—and darkness fled the deep,
And the earth awoke from chaos-sleep.

Then a countless throng of life sprung forth,
And trees and flowers arrayed the earth;
He moulded man from the dust—his goal,
And man became a living soul.

* * * *

The mighty Angel's foot shall stand
Upon the sea, and upon the land,
And God, commanding, quick shall roll
The heavens together, as a scroll.

A risen host on that great day
Shall see the heavens flee away,
All nature with a groan expire.
A God in wrath, a world on fire.

WHAT'S IN A KISS?

There's a formal kiss of fashion,
And a burning kiss of passion,
A father's kiss,
A mother's kiss,
And a sister's kiss to move,
There's a traitor's kiss for gold,
Like a serpent's clammy fold,
A first kiss,
A stolen kiss,
And the thrilling kiss of love,
A meeting kiss,
A maiden kiss,
A kiss when fond hearts sever,
But the saddest kiss
On earth is this—
A kiss to part forever

OLD SCHOOL PLAY-GROUND.

Patter, patter, little feet
O'er the pebbles in the street,
Pleasant are thy days, O youth,
Days of innocence and truth.
Sneer not, critic, heartless, cold,
At a *love* at *eight years old*,
For the brightest days we'll know,

Passed in childhood long ago,
In the old school playing-ground,
When the merry laugh went round,
When our words, that knew no art,
Came directly from the heart.
When the years of youth are past,
Age and troubles hold us fast,
Turn we then to sigh and say,
Here I spent a happy day,
Here, and here, I laughed with glee,
Here my heart was sorrow-free—
Most such moments will be found
In the old school playing-ground.

'TIS BETTER TO LAUGH THAN BE SIGHING.

O 'tis better to laugh than be sighing,
'Tis better to smile than to weep;
The well-bucket downward now hieing,
Gem-sparkling will rise with the sweep—
The vale of humility blesseth,
And bright are the hearts that it dresseth.

The earth asketh labor and dressing,
Ere willing to yield up her pelf,
And Heaven's just manner of blessing,
Is helping who helpeth himself—
At longest 'tis short we're remaining,
Too short to be spent in complaining.

'Tis thin, empty clouds that are flying
So high over mountain and deep;

'Tis better to laugh than be sighing,
'Tis better to smile than to weep—
"To sigh and to weep there's a season"
Means—*only when there is a reason.*

CLAN ALPIN MAC ALPIN.

From fell, and loch, and glen,
Madly were flocking men
With sabers fierce-flashing, and banners on high!
"Are ye ready?" said Crontin,
"Brave sons of the mountain?
"Then swear by this rock,
"And this fair flowing fountain,
"Mac Alpin shall perish—Clan Alpin shall die."

Night ended the battle,
The roar, and the rattle—
Mac Alpin has perished—Clan Alpin is slain,
The grey wolf is champin'
The bones of Clan Alpin,
Clan Alpin Mac Alpin
Away on the mountain,
And freedom still dwelleth in valley and plain.

IN MEMORIAM.

The autumn winds wither the leaves that are serest,
And gather them up in the graves they have made;
The fingers of death touch the lips that are dearest,
The flower that's fairest is soonest to fade.

The journey is made and the weary home-gathered,
The struggle is over, and why should we mourn;
The voyage is past, and the tempest is weathered,
She's found a sweet resting-place, weary, and worn.

We'll meet her again in the regions eternal,
Where beauty and brightness will never decay,
Where pleasures cease not, in a city supernal,
And angels sing glory, forever and aye.

SOLDIER OF LIFE.

Soldier of Life, battle
For the right, for glorious truth,
For virtue's noble cause;
Leave fame for those
Who'll stoop from honor's laws—
Soldier of Life, battle nobly.

Soldier of Life, battle
For liberty of thought;
This war has no discharge,

No truce, no quarter bought,
Who conquers wins, and he,
Who wins not, dies the death—
Soldier of Life, battle bravely.

Soldier of Life, battle!
God nerve thine arm and gird
Thee with His panoply—
The sword, the helmet,
Buckler, and the breast-plate—
That when the end shall come,
Thy crown shall not
Be given to another—
Soldier of Life, battle Godly.

MY LOST GEM.

There's a bright jewel gone from my casket,
Worth ten times the rest of my store—
My gem priceless, treasured,
My wealth lost, unmeasured,
Is the love of the maid I adore.

A star that shone bright on my pathway,
Now beams in effulgence no more—
The joys, that descended
With it, when it ended,
No science or art can restore.

The hand that my laurel was plaiting,
Now twines me a garland no more—
A friend, that false played me,
A foe, that betrayed me,
Has the love of the maid I adore.

A LETTER—OH! A LETTER!

When wandering, far
From kindred and friends,
When cold, clammy prison-chains fetter,
How sweet are the words
A faithful one sends—
The warm loving words of a letter!

How gladly! joy madly!
'Tis pressed to our heart,
More valued than honors or riches;
With wild, trembling speed
We open and read—
A dun for our last pair of breeches!

DISBANDED CHARGERS.

"After the Crimean War, the French government-horses were turned loose in thousands on the beach. They formed into squares and charged upon each other, till all were slain, and the beach was covered with their dead carcasses."

In columns advancing,
The war-horses prancing,
Pawed the fresh earth with their hoofs on the plain.

No hand to guide them,
No look to chide them,
No tongue to tell them the battle was won!

Steeds ran riderless,
Maddened to recklessness,
Tramping the bodies of wounded and slain.

What! are you weeping
Because they were heaping
The valley with bodies to rot in the sun?

Away with your sadness!
Men with more madness,
Have fallen by thousands, since war was begun.

SUPPLICATIO.

Give me back the scenes of brightness
In the happy hours gone by;
Give me back my spirit's brightness,
And my youth's unclouded sky.

Take again the troth you plighted
In the merry days of yore,
Ere my life was sorrow-blighted—
Oh! my childhood joys restore.

Give me back the smiles I've wasted;
All my cherished hopes I crave—
Fondly cherished! rudely blasted!
Give me back—*the kiss I gave.*

THE UNATTAINED.

The soul is sick,
When youth's betrayed,
If a trusted one betray;
And the heart is sad,
If a flower fade,
That we cherished, day by day.

But age comes on,
And the heart's unpained,
Though disappointments rise,
For life is full
Of the unattained,
And it ceases to cause surprise.

HOPE AGAIN AND HOPE FOREVER.

When the way of life is weary,
When the storms of life are dreary,
When no star of hope is shining,
Lose no time in vain repining;
Moments lost are treasures wasted,
Hours mispent are sorrows tasted,
Bind the bands despair would sever,
Hope again, and hope forever.

Absent hope is parted pleasure,
Present hope is truest treasure,

Hope forgot is certain sorrow—
Fortune's face will smile to-morrow.
Laugh at fate, *nil desperandum !*
Lœti semper expectandum !
Fortune favors bold endeavor,
Hope again, and hope forever.

DARK DAYS.

The day grows dark,
And the flowers close,
When the rain-clouds the sun are veiling,
And the birds are hushed,
And their pleasant song
Gives place to the storm-wind's wailing ;
But the day grows bright,
And the flowers smile,
When the rain and clouds are ended,
And the birds sing anew
Their pleasant song
With the wind's wild music blended.

So the soul grows sad,
And hope dies out,
When the future cloudeth o'er us,
And the heart is hushed
In its hymn of life—
Despair take up the chorus;
But the soul grows calm,
And bright hopes smile,
When the gloom and clouds have vanished ;
Then let's be gay,
For the clouds but make
The brighter day, when banished.

A HANDFUL OF LEAVES.

Roll on! thou calm, majestic, mystic moon,
Twin sister of the hot, impatient sun,
With brow unmarked by eating care or time,
Thy countenance untroubled with a frown,
Sweet as an infant's, when it smiles in sleep,
And angels tell it tales of heavenly bliss.
But thou, alas! must change and cease to be—
In this thy face doth indicate thy end:
To-day thy form, so round, and fair, and bright,
A fortnight hence shall dwindle to a line.
As, when thy light is least, thou'rt nearest Him
From whom thy brightness comes, so we,
When in humility, are nearest God.

Old Averni! Lake of Hades!
Lake of gloom, and sulphur breezes!
Lake of shells of mournful music
Cast up by the lapping waters!
Shells of strange and curious structure,
That in tones of melancholy
Murmur like the waves of ocean,
And the tones they murmur ever
Are the sighs of weeping lovers,
Lovers, that have madly yielded
Love and worship, unrequited.

We've been in greater jeopardy before,
Cheer up my friend, play not the weeping maid.

Like the mildew and east wind,
Came thy counsels, and blasted in the bud,
Blighted, the hopes I cherished.

The pleasures of childhood are dearest of all,
And its griefs are remembered forever.

Thy words have pierced my heart like dragon's fangs—
Like poisoned arrows, and they rankle there.

If thou hast only learned the alphabet of love,
How wilt thou love, when having learned to plead?

Breathe it not to the winds, they will whisper;
Or to the woods, they roar; nor to the sea,
Or storm, or birds, but tell me thou hast loved—
Ay! many men—dost love me best of all?

Nay! beardless boy, swear not,
And if thy father swear, he'll see thy better sense;
If he swear not, why shame him with thy words?

Once I did not care for friendship,
Till I saw and loved you, darling;
You aroused my better nature,
Taught me how to love and worship,
Then, my loved one, you forsook me—
Once I spoke of love with pleasure,
Once with wildly mingled feelings,
Now my lips refuse to utter
Words that mock with empty meaning.
Once I hoped to gather laurels,
Lay them at thy feet, my darling,
Tell thee 'twas for thee I won them,
Now I've nothing to incite me.

Darling, you have got my picture—
If you fear it will deceive you,
Cast it from you, trample on it,
As you served the love I gave you.

One claims that war is need much
To rid, and purge the land of fools.
I grant it true, if such as he
Receive the purging draught, but fools,
Alas! are seldom partriots.

He put a few, disjointed scraps of thought
Within his mind's albemic crucible
To melt them up to together. Moulded it
To suit his will and purpose. Lo! it left
The mould as 'twere a diamond in the rough,
Then, with his pen he pointed, rounded, smoothed,
And set in a book beside a score
Of smaller thoughts, and all the word cried out,
"Behold a jewel seven words in length!"

I will keep your pretty picture,
I will wear it in my bosom,
Kiss it when I'm sad and lonely,
Though it smile not when I kiss it;
Keep it that it may incite me
To a higher, nobler action;
Press it to my cheek, when weary,
That, when disappointments darken,
It may act as talismanic
To preserve my heart from breaking.

Thus, merciless, dies he, who mercy showed not
To him whose happiness was in his power to blight.

When once found guilty of vile treachery,
No wash, cosmetic, 'pothecary's juice,
The stigma can remove.

Though thou should'st swear it till thy black heart burst,
I'd call it what it is—a lie!

O Jealousy, among the passions fiend,
The spring that prompts thee never loses force;
When once thou'rt in the heart,
Farewell to peace, hope, happiness, forever.

Try me with tortures and you'll find me firm.
I'd sooner die within a slimy cell
With chain-links festering in my flesh,
Be food for poisonous toads and bats,
Than to betray her trust.

I have read your pleasant letter,
It was full of pretty sayings,
Lover's thoughts in lover's language;
Many times I read it over,
And it thrilled me with its music,
For it spoke in thrilling heart-tones,
And the chords, those tones awakened,
Shall reverberate forever
In the chambers of my bosom.

FAREWELL!

I cannot say, my Harp, farewell! 'Tis true
I never had one, and no muse I knew.
And, if I say, my friends, you may rebel,
Therefore I'll say, my readers, fare you well!
If I had ever seen the Diamond Cave,
I would have brought the brilliant ones you crave.
Had Momus stood my sponsor, when baptized,
Some witty thoughts I might have *realized.*
And had I ever rode the famous horse,
Pegasus, with great wings, I might of course
Have seen the mount. Impatient for the ride,
I leaped too high, and fell on t'other side.
But fare you well! my readers, we have met
But for an hour. I pray you'll not forget
This meeting in the leafy Maple dell.
Till met again, my readers, fare you well!

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